

T H E
W A R B L I N G
PHILOMELL.

A New and Select Collection of the
B E S T S O N G S

Sung this Year in Polite ASSEMBLIES, VAUXHALL,
RANELAH, MARYBONE GARDENS, the THEA-
TRES, SADLERS WELLS, and by the CHOICE
SPIRITS: Together with the Newest AIRS and
✓ Catches, the Favourite Medleys, now in vogue,
&c. &c.

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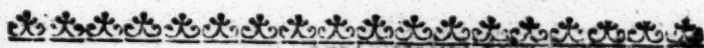
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T H E

W A R B L I N G P H I L O M E L L .



The New SPINNING WHEEL.

✱ ✱ ✱ N E summer's eve as Nancy fair,
✱ ✱ ✱ Sae spinning in the shade ;
✱ ✱ ✱ While soaring sky-larks flock the air,
✱ ✱ ✱ In warblings o'er her head,
In tender coo's the pigeons woo'd,
Loves impulse all must feel,
She sung but still her work pursued
And turn'd her Spinning wheel.
And turn'd her *Gr.*

While thus I work with Rock and Reel,
So life by time is spun,
And as runs round my Spinning Wheel.
The world turns up and down,

Some rich to day to morrow low,
 While I no changes feel,
 But get my bread by sweat of brow,
 And turn my Spinning wheel,

From me let men and women too,
 This homespun lesson learn,
 Not mind what other people do,
 Bu eat the bread they earn,
 If none were fed (were that to me)
 But what-deserv'd a meal,
 Some Ladies then as well as me,
 Must turn the Spinning Wheel.

The rural toast with sweetest tone,
 Thus sung her witlefs strain.
 When o'er the lawn limp'd gammer Joan,
 And brought home Nancy's swain,
 Come cry's the dame Nance here's thy spouse,
 Away throw rock and reel,
 Blith Nanny with the bonny news
 O'er set her Spinning Wheel.

The English Padlock.

Sung by Mr. Vernon.

SINCE artists who sue for the trophies of fame,
 Their wit and their taste and their genius proclaim
 Attend to my song where you'll certainly find,
 A secret disclos'd f or the good of mankind,

And

And deny it who can sure the laurel's my due.
 I've found out a Padlock to keep the Wife true,
I've found &c.

Shou'd the amorous goddess preside o'er your dame
 With the ardors of youth all her passions inflame,
 Shou'd her beauty lead captive each softer desire,
 And languishing lovers still sigh and admire,
 Yet fearless you'll trust her tho' thousands may sue,
 When I tell you my Padlock to keep a wife true.

Tho' the husband may think that he wisely restrains
 With his bars and his bolts his confinement and chains,
 How fatally weak must his artifice prove,
 Can fetters of steel bind like fetters of love,
 Throw jealousy hence! bid suspicion adieu,
 Restraint's not the Padlock to keep a wife true.

Shou'd her fancy invite to the park or the play,
 All complying and kind you must give her her way,
 While her taste and her judgment you fondly approve,
 Tis reason secures you the treasures of love,
 And believe me no coxcomb admission can find,
 For the fair one is safe if you Padlock her mind.

Tho' her virtues with foibles should frequently blend
 Let the husband be lost in the lover and friend,
 Let doubts and surmises no longer perplex,
 Tis the charm of indulgence that bind the soft sex,
 They ne'er can prove false while this maxim's in view
 Good humours the Padlock to keep a wife true.

The W I S H.

WHEN the trees are all bare not a leaf to be seen
 And the meadows their beauty have lost,
 And the meadows &c.

When natures disrobb'd of her mantle of green,
 And the streams are fast bound with the frost.
 When natures, &c.

While the peasant inactive stands shivering with cold
 As bleak the winds northerly blow,
 And the innocent flock runs for ease to the fold,
 With their fleeces besprinkled with snow.

In the yard when the cattle are fodder'd with straw,
 And they send forth their breath like a stream,
 And the neat looking dairy maid sees the most thaw,
 Flakes of ice that she finds in the cream,

When the sweet country maiden as fresh as the rose,
 As she carelessly trips often slides,
 And the rustics laugh loud if by falling she shews,
 All the charms that her modesty hides.

When the lads and the lasses for company join'd,
 In a croud round the embers are met,
 Talk of faeries and witches that ride on the wind.
 And of ghosts till they are in a sweat.

Heaven grant in this season it may be my lot,
 With the nymph whom I love and admire,

While

While the icicles hang from the eves of my cot,
I may thither in safety retire,

Where in neatness and quiet and free from surprize,
We may live and no hardships endure,
Nor feel any turbulent passions arise,
But such as each other may cure.



Le Friseur Francoise or the French Hair-dresser.

Sung by Master *Herryman* at Sadlers Wells, in the
Novelty Set to Music by *W. Yates*,

THOSE whom you look for are not here at present
Sir,

Wait you a little tis odds but they may;
All resort hither from lord to the peasant sir,
Charm'd by the neatness of Friseur Francoise,
Friseur Francoise, Friseur Francoise,
All resort hither from lord to the peasant sir,
Charm'd by the neatness of Friseur Francoise.

Grant that you Englishmen beat us for ever sir,
Nicely we tickle you up in our way,
You may be quite right but we are so clever sir,
Dress is no dress without Friseur Francoise.

Ted by your weaknesses can you condemn us sir,
Grannums of seventy here we make gay;

Misses

Misses of fifty will never condemn us fir,
 Help'd to elopement by Friseur Francoise,

Ladies to qualify this is the fashion shop,
 Fruzzes see plenty — black auburn and grey ;
 Dark brown and hazell with rough shock and tyburn
 top,
 Victors you're vanquish'd by Friseur Francoise.



CONTENTS.

*A Pastoral from Mr. Cunninghams Collection,
 Sung by Mr. Hudson at Ranelah.*

O' E R moorlands and mountains rude barren and
 bare,

As wearied and wilder'd I roam,

A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,
 And leads me o'er lawns to her home ;

Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had
 crown'd,

Green rushes were strew'd on the floor,
 Her casement sweet wood-bines crept wantonly round
 And deck'd the sod seats at the door,

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast
 Fresh fruits, and she cull'd me the best,
 Whilst thrown from my guard by some glances she
 cast,

Love sily stole into my breast ;

I told

I told my soft wishes, she sweetly reply'd,
 (Ye virgins her voice was divine)
 I've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd,
 Yet take me fond shepherd i'm thine.

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,
 So simple——tho sweet were her charms;
 I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
 And lock'd the dear maid in my arms;
 Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,
 And if on the banks by the stream,
 Reclin'd on her bosom I sink into sleep,
 Her image still softens my dream.

Together we range o'er the flow'ring hills,
 Delighted with pastoral views,
 Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distills,
 And mark out new themes for my muse:
 To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire,
 The damsel's of humble descent,
 The Cottager peace is well known for her fire,
 The Shepherds have nam'd her Content.



Derry Down Dale.

Sung by Mr. Herryman, at Sadlers Wells.

DERRY down dale Hodge trudg'd with his flail,
 And came to a neat little cot,

In

In derry down dale Hodge trudg'd with his flail
And came to a neat little cor ;

And came to a neat little cor ;

He spy'd the sweet face of the lass of the place,
And cry'd will you have me or not,

He spy'd the sweet face of the lass of the place,
And cry'd will you have me or not.

Will you have me or not. will you have me or not.

And cry'd will you have me or not,

She seem'd not to feel,

But kept turning her wheel,

Hodge bounc'd at the usage he met,

A swing with his flail;

Broke windows and pail,

And bid a farewell to dear Bet.

But coming from fair,

He met the old pair,

To them he unfolded his case,

Ne'er mind her said they,

Go back with us pray

We'll chide her for being so base.

Thro' love and thro' fears,

Poor Bet was in tears,

Her parents began to beslave,

But Hodge cry'd hold hold,

You shan' not her scold

I love her and her I will have,

He

He dry'd Betsey's cheek
And bid her to speak,
Her mind, if to wed him she'd grant;
Bet blubber'd it forth,
Ot all upon earth,
Tis thee Hodge alone that I want.

This open consent
Gave thorough content,
They set themselves down to regale,
Next morn ther were wed,
And now it is said,
They're the happiest in Derry Down Dale.



RURAL LIFE.

FREE from noise free from strife in a country life,
I could choose for to spend all my days,
Where innocence reigns, flocks cover the plains,
And birds sweetly echo the sound.

How contented they live, what joys they receive,
Tho' nothing but ground for their floor;
Just before the sweet cot, so delightful the spot,
Where a jessamin grows by the door.

How early they rise, transported with joys,
So contented their days pass along,
And if justly combin'd, with a true hearted mind,
To a wife whom all virtues belong.

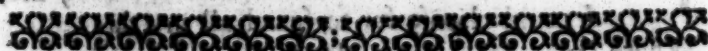
Tho

Tho' homely their food their appetites good,
 Blooming health on their cheeks do appear,
 Neither envy nor pride with them can reside,
 But happiness shines thro' the year.

At sun going down, their work being done,
 They're the happiest people on earth;
 By the oak on the green each couple is seen,
 With innocent pastime and mirth.

When harvest is done, with a formal old song,
 The jolly farmer among all the rest
 Will laugh drink and say, this is our hollowday,
 With beef and good ale of the best.

Let the statesman desire who at court doth aspire,
 For his country's good let it be,
 If justice thought fit in the house for to sit,
 Then times would mend soon as you d see,



S O N G,

PATTY of the Mill.

Sung by Mr. Hudson at Ranelah.

FAR sweeter than the Hawthorn bloom,
 Whose fragrance sheds a rich perfume,
 And all the meadows fill,
 And all &c.

Much

Much fairer then the Lilly blows more Lovely than
 the blushing rose,
 Is Patty of the mill,
 Is Patty of the mill,

The neighb'ring Swains her beauty fir'd,
 With wonder struck they all admir'd,
 And prais'd her from the hill.
 Each strove with all his rustic art
 To sooth and Charm the honest heart,
 Of Patty of the mill.

But Vain were all attempts to move,
 A fixed Heart, more true to love,
 Than Turtles when they Bill,
 A Cheerful soul, a pleasing Grace,
 And sweet content smiles in the Face,
 Of Patty of the Mill.
 The Good a Friend in fortune find,
 Exalts the honest Nirtuous Mind,
 And guard it from all ill,
 Ye fair for ever constant prove,
 Be ever kind be true to love,
 Like Patty of the mill.

*****;*****

A Shooting Song.

EV'RY mortal some favourite pleasure pursues,
 (news,
 Some to white's run for play, some to batsons for
 B Let

Let arch Shutters droll phiz, others thunder ap-
plause,

And some trifles delight, to hear Nichol's noise,
But such idle amusements I carefly shun,
And my pleasure confine to my dog and my gun.

Soon as phœbus hath finish'd his summer's career,
And his maturing aid blest the husbandman's care.
Then when Roger & Nell have enjoy'd harvest home
And the labours all o'er, at leisure to roam,
From noise of the town and it's follies I run,
And I range o'er the fields with my dog and my
gun,

When my pointers arround me all steadily stand.
And there's not a dog fires but the dog I command
When the coveys he springs and I bring down my
(bird

I've a pleasure no pastime beside can afford,
No pastime no pleasures, none under the sun.
Can be equal to mine with my dog and my gun

When the coveys I've thin'd to the woods I repair
And I brush thro the thickets devoid of all fear,
There I exercise freely my levelling ski I
And with pheasants and woodcocks my bag often
fill
Certain death where I find 'em they seldom can
shun

All my dogs are so sure, and so fatal my gun.

My

My spannials ne'er babble, they are under command,
Some they range at a distance, and some hunt at
hand;

When a woodcock they flush, or a pheasant they
spring,
With heart chearing notes, how they make the
woods ring,

Then for music let fribbles to ranela run,
My consorts, a chorus of dogs and a gun.

While I hunt o'er the, brown russe hills and the
vales,

Gay full health I secure breathing untainted gales,
Natures beauties I view and contemplate their source
And kind providence see in its minutest course.

Then bloods, bucks, and spouters enjoy all their
fun,

I will envy them not while I've dogs and a gun.

When at night we chat over the fate of the day
And spread o'er the table my conquered spoils lay,
Then I think of my friends and to each send a
part

For my friend to oblige is the pride of my heart.
Thus the vices of the town and its follies I shun,
And my pleasures confin'd to my dog and my gun.



Sung by Mrs. Cibber, in the way to keep him.

Y E fair marriage Dames, who so often deplore,
B 2 That

That a Lover once blest is a Lover no more,
 No more, no more, is a lover no more,
 Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught,
 That Prudence must cherish what Beauty has caught
 Attend to my counsel nor blush to be taught,
 That Prudence must cherish what beauty has caught.

Use the man that you wed like your favorite guitar,
 Tho' music in both they are both apt to jar,
 How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,
 Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much.

The linnet and sparrow will feed from your hand,
 Grow fond by your kindness, and come at command,
 Exert with husband the same happy skill,
 For hearts like your birds, may be train'd to your will.

Be gay and good humour'd complying and kind,
 Turn the chief of your care from your face to your mind,
 'Tis there that the Wife may her conquest improve,
 And hymen will rivet the Fetters of Love.



The Answer repented

When first I beheld the gay Damon appear.
 With Cheek rosy red and with bosom of snow
 With voice like the Thrush so loud and so clear.
 My

My sad sick'ning heart felt a wonderful glow,
And I wish'd he wou'd ask to salute me or so,
He did like a gawky / answered him no,

Then homeward he follow'd and speke to my dad
Who said with a smile we samilar mighs grow,
My brows they were knit but my heart was so glad:
My blood to a drop it was all a flow,
For I thought now most certain he'd kifs me or so.
He asked but I pouted and answerd him no.

My mother cry'd hussey what mean you by that
The lad that you scorn is your betters / know
My heart then with pleasure went Pity Pat Pat,
My spirits grew brisk from the head to the toe,
I thought my self sure that hed kifs me or so,
He strove, but I scolded and answered him no.

My sister young Nelly came tripping that way
A girl in her bloom with an eye like a floe.
He ask'd for a kifs and she pertly cry'd aye,
If one beant enough take twenty or so,
A handsomer Man yet I never did know,
While I like a gauky, still answerd him no.

Young Maidens be weary I beg for my sake,
Lest Apes you may lead in the Regions below,
Be wifs and the man whome ye fancy pray take,
In love we should not be suspicious or slow,
Nor wish to say yes while our answer is no
Nor wish to say yes while our answer is no.



The Young Mans wish:

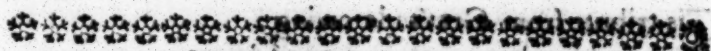
Free from the bustle care and strife,
Of this short variegated life,
Oh let me spend my days,
In rural sweetness with a friend,
To whome my mind I may unbend,
Nor censure heed or praise

Riches bring cares I ask not wealth.
Let me enjoy but peace and health,
I envey not the great,
Tis these alone can make me blest,
The richs take of east and west,
I claim not those of state.

Tho' not extravagant nor near,
But through the well spent chequerd year,
I'd have enough to live,
To drink a bottle with a friend,
Assist him in distress ne'er lend,
But rather freely give.

Too would wish to sweeten life,
A gentle kind good natured wife,
Young sensible and fair
One who could love but me alone:
Prefer my Cot to e'er a throne
And sooth my every care.

The happy with my wife and friend,
 My life I cheerfully would spend,
 With no vain thoughts oppress'd,
 If Heaven has bliss for me in store;
 O grant me this I ask no more,
 And I am truly blest.



The Thrush.

Sweet Thrush that makes the ~~vernal~~ year,
 Sweeter then flora can appear.

Sweeter then flora can appear,
 As Phillomel attends thy lay,
 She envies the return of day,
 She envies the return of day,
 The tuneful lyre and swelling flute,
 At thy rich warbling shall be mute
 At thy rich warbling shall be mute,
 Vocal minstrel thy soft lay
 Treasures up and ends in may.

Hark how the blackbird woe his love:
 The skill'd musicians of the grove;
 On thorn as perch'd he nobly sings,
 A cadence for the ear of kings,
 Sublime and soft gay and serene,
 A virginal to hail a Queen
 Natures Music thus improve
 All the graces and the loves.



The New Years Gift.

WITH a song that is new let's begin the new
year,

'Tis tribute from Gratitude owing ;
May nothing but mirth and good humour appear
And plenty be constant and flowing :
Let us sing, let joke, let us tipple and, smock ;
Be this year better spent than the last, Sirs,
For the new one indeed, must the old one exceed,
Because that the old one is past, Sirs.

Behold the dark fumes that arise from the weed
And mark how our moments are fleeting ;
Then think my good friends how we ought to proceed

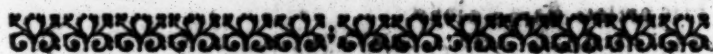
And enjoy each occasion of meeting :
The pipes made of clay, so is man as they say
And like as he's frail it is brittle,
So while yet time present, is blithsom and pleasant :
Let's keep up the joak to a tittle,

Tho fair is the Tube, and wight to the eye
'Tis oft black and tainted within Sir ;
This shews that some folks who pretend by the bye
To be pious are oft full of sin, Sir,
Tho seemingly good they are mere flesh and blood
Nay worse they are black in their nature ;
While we who can laugh aye and merily quaff,
Perhaps may be wiser and better.

Then

Then let no mortal affect to despise
 The pleasures of smoaking and drinking ;
 A pipe and good Liquor may make a man wise,
 For both are Incentives to thinking,
 Smoak on boys and drink, long as e're you can think

When you can't I am sure there's no pleasure ;
 He that drinks to be dull is a sot and a fool
 And in vain spends his time and his treasure,



Arabella or the Sisters,

Y Oung Arabella Mamma's care,
 And ripe to be a bride,
 Had charms a Monarch might enslave,
 But beauty mix'd with pride,
 But still to blast that happiness,
 Her pride each Lover cool'd
 The number of her Slaves was less,
 And less the tyrant rul'd.

Her Sister Charlotte tho' not blest.
 With beauty's potent spell,
 The virtues of the Mind possess,
 And bore away the bell ;
 Knights, Earls, and Dukes like summer flies
 Around the Maiden flew,
 They press'd to tell ten thousand lies
 As Men are apt to do.

Poor Arabella, vex'd to find,
 Her Sister made a wife,
 Pretendes to rail at all Mankind,
 And praise a single life :
 Fond Celadon address'd the Fair,
 Resolv'd no time to lose,
 A youth with such a shape and air,
 What female cou'd refuse.

Like all the rest he own'd his flame,
 His artless flame alone,
 The blushing maid confess'd the same,
 The Priest soon made them one,
 Ye Virgins Charlotte's plan pursue,
 Shun Arabella's fate,
 Accept the Man that's worthy you,
 Before it is too late.



A Hunting Song.

Come rouse brother sportsmen the hunters all cry
 W'e've got a strong scent and a favouring Sky,
 W'e've got a strong scent and a favouring Sky,
 The horns sprightly notes and the larks early Song
 Will chide the dull sportsmen for Sleeping so long,
 Will chide the dull sportsmen for Sleeping so long.

Bright Phæbus has shewn us the glimps of his face,
 Peap'd in at our windows and call'd to the chase,
 He soon will be up for his dawn wears away,

And

And makes the fields blush with the beams of his
ray

Sweet Molly may tease you perhaps to lie down,
And if you refuse her perhaps she may frown,
But tell her sweet love must to hunting give place,
For as well as her charms, there are charms in the
Chace.

Look yonder, look yonder, old Reynard I 'spy,
At his brush nimbly follows brisk chaunter and fly.
They seize on their pray, see his eye balls they roll
Where in at the death now go home to the bowl.

There we'll fill up our glasses and toast to the king
From a bumper fresh loyalty ever will spring,
To George peace and glory may heavens dispence
And fox hunters flourish a thousand years hence.



The Chaise Marine.

MY dearest life were thou my wife,
How happy shou'd I be,
And all my care in peace and war,
Shou'd be to pleasure thee,
When up and down from town to town,
We jolly Soldiers rove,
Then you my Queen in chaise marine,
Shall move like Queen of Love.

Your

Your love I'd prize beyond the skies,
 Beyond the spoils of war,
 Would thou agree to follow me,
 In humble baggage car,
 For happiness tho' in distress,
 In Soldiers wives are seen,
 And pride in coach has more reproach,
 Than love in chaise marine.

Oh do not hold your loves in gold
 Nor set your heart on gain,
 Behold the great with all their state,
 Their lives are care and pain.
 In house or tent I pay no rent.
 Nor care nor trouble see,
 And every day I get my pay,
 And spend it merily.

Love not those knaves great fortune slaves
 Who lead ignoble lives
 Nor deign to smile on men so vile,
 Who fight none but their wives.
 For brittain's right and you we fight,
 And every ill defy
 Should but the fair reward our care,
 With love and constancy,

If sighs nor grones, nor tender moans,
 Can win your harden'd heart,
 Let love in arms withall his charms,
 Then take a Soldiers part,
 With life and drum the Soldiers come,

And

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And all the pomp of War,
Then don't think mean of chaise marine,
'Tis loves triumphant car.



Rogers Courtship.

Y Oung Roger came tapping at Dolly's window,
Thumpaty, thumpaty. thump,
He beg'd for admittance she answer'd him no.

Glumpaty, &c.

My Dolly my dear your true love is here dum,
No no, Roger no, as you come you may go, slum.

Oh, then she recall'd and recall'd him again hum,
Whilst he like a madman ran over the plain, slum,
Ah, what is the reason dear Dolly he cry'd, hum,
That thus I'm cast off and unkindly deny'd tram.

Some rival more dare I guess has been here, croom,
Suppose ther's been two fir pray whats that to you,

Sir, numpaty,

Oh then with a sigh his sad searewell he took. hum
And all in despair he leap'd into the brook, plum,

His courage he cool'd he found himself fool'd mum,
He swam to the shore and saw dolly no more rum,
Determined to find a damsel more kind, plumpaty,
While Dolly's affraid she must die an old maid.



Fair H E B E.

F AirHebe I left with a cautious design.
 To escape from her charms and to drown them
 in wine,
 I try'd it but found when I came to depart,
 The wine in my Head, but love still in my Heart,

I repair'd to my reason, intrested her aid,
 Who paus'd on my case, and each circumstance
 weigh'd
 Then gravely pronounced in return to my pray'r
 Thar Hebe was fairest of all that was fair.

'That's a truth reply'd I, I've no need to be taught,
 I came for a council, to find out a Fault;
 If that's all quoth Reason, return as you came,
 To find fault with Hebe would forfeit my name.

What hopes then alas of relief from my pain?
 When like Lighting, she darts thro' each throbbing
 Vein
 My Sences surpriz'd, in her favour took Arms,
 And Reason confirms me a slave to her charmes.



The Judicious Choice.

A Beautiful face and a form without fault,
 Are not the attractions by which I am caught,
 Are

Are not the attractions by which I am caught,
 Good nature good sence, and an honest free mind,
 Are Perfections in women to which I'm inclin'd,
 Are Perfections in women to which I'm inclin'd,

For a time beauty charms, but so certain is age
 That who with beauty alone wou'd engage,
 Sence Time surely dulls the brightest of eyes,
 And a Face is a Flower that blossoms and dies.

Then Venus begon with your poor empty joys,
 Which like Syrens do pierce and like Syrens destroy,
 Come Friendship and Sence and Chuse me a wife
 And I'll Love her and bless her each day of my life,

Amoret and Phillis.

Sweet Phillie wel met, the Sun is just set,
 To yon Myrtle Grove let's repair,

All natures at rest, and none to molest,
 I've something to say to my fair,
 I've something to say to my fair.

Phillis.

No no subtle Swain entreaties are vain,
 Perswade me to go you ne're shall :
 Night draws on apace, I must quit the place,
 The dew is beginning to fall.

Cz:

Amor:

Amoret.

Believe me coy maid by my Honour I'm sway'd;
No feares need your bosom allarm
The Oak and the pine their leaves kindly join,
To shelter Loves Vot'ries from harm.

Phillis.

If what you now say your heart don't betray,
It gives me much pleasure to find,
My Amoret still a stranger to ill,
And for wedlock's soft bondage inclin'd.

Amoret.

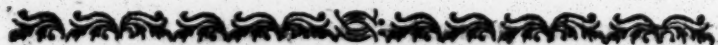
Your arts I despise, my Virtue I prize,
Tho' poor I am richer than those,
Who lost to all shame will barter their fame,
For purchase of gold and fine cloaths.

Phillis.

You do me much wrong such thoughts ne'er belong,
To the noble and generous brest,
I meant but to know if Phillis would go,
And let Hymen make Amoret blest'd.

Both.

With Joy I comply the dear nuptial tye.
To morrow both hearts shall unite,
Ye lovers so true, let virtue in you,
The same inclinations exite.



The Huntsman's Rouze.

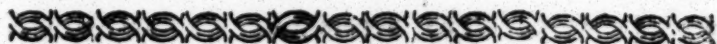
THe hounds are all out and the morning does peep
Why how now you sluggardly sot;

How

How can you how can you lie snoring asleep,
While we all a horseback have got my brave boy,
While we all a horse back have got.

I cannot get up for my over night's cup;
So terribly lies in my head ;
Besides my wife cries my dear do not rise,
But cuddle me longer in bed my dear boy,
But cuddle me longer a bed.

Come on with your boots and saddle your mare;
Nor tire us with longer delay ;
The cry of the Hounds and the fight of the hare,
Will chase all our vapours a way my brave boys,
Will chase all our vapours away.



The Union of Love and Wine.

WITH Women and wine I defy every care,
For Life without these is a bubble of air,
Each helping the other in pleasure we roll,
And a new flow of Spirits enlivening my Soul.

Let grave sober mortals my maxims condemn,
I neaver shall alter my conduct for them,
I care not how much they my measures decline,
Let 'em have their own humour and I will have mine.

Wine prudently us'd will our senses improve,
'Tis the spring tide of life and the fuel of love,

And venus ne'er look'd with a smile so divine,
As when Mars bound his head with a branch from
the Vine.

Then come my dear charmer thou nymph halfdivine
First pledge me with kisses next pledge me with wine
Then giving and taking in mutual return,
The torch of our loves shall eternally burn.

But should'st thou my passion for wine disapprove,
My bumper I'll quit to be blest with thy love,
For rather then forfeit the joys of my lass,
My bottle I'll break and demolish my glass.



The Séperation.

Some kind angel, gently flying,
Mov'd with pity at my pain;
Some kind angel, gently flying,
Mov'd with pity at my Pain:

Tell Corinna I am dying.
Till with Joy we meet again,
Tell Corinna I am dying,
Tell with Joy we met again.

Tell corinna since we parted,
I have never known delight;
And shall soon be broken hearted,
If I longer want her sight.

Tell

Tell her how her Lover, mourning,
Thinks each lazy day a year;
Cursing every Morn returning,
Since Corinna is not here

Tell her too not distant place,
Will she be but true and kind!
Join'd with time and change of Place,
E'er shall shake my constant Mind.

(*) (*) (*) (*) (*) (*) *: (*) (*) (*) (*) (*) (*)

The Disaster.

AS Dolly sat Milking her cow,
Young Roger came tripping that way,
He left both his Cart and his Plough,
For beauty e'en Clowns must obey,
With rapture he leap'd o'er the stile;
And swore that no lass was so pretty,
Come kiss me he cry'd with a smile,
But indeed says the Nymph I won't let ye.

Indeed reply'd Hodge this is strange,
What harm lies in kissing I pray,
Round the world if your thoughts you'll but range,
Why you'll find that it is done night and day,
The Monarch who sits on his throne
Sure Kisses his Queen very pretty,
Lord bless them I say but I own,
I' amaz'd that you say I won't let ye,

The

The Cow who began to conceive,
 That Dolly neglected her call,
 It was cupid's device I believe,
 Kick'd the milk down, the stool down and all,
 If these be the pranks Roger cry'd,
 O'ods I'll haste to my daiery maid Betty,
 Rot the Cow in a rage Doll reply'd,
 P'shaw come here prithee Hodge I will let ye.



The Happy Shepherd,

With Phillis I'll trip o'er the mead,
 And hasten away to the plain
 Where Shepherds attend with their reeds,
 To welcom my love and her swain,
 Where Shepherds attend with their reeds,
 To welcome my love and her swain,
 The Lark is exalted in air,
 The Linnet sings pearch'd on the spray,
 Our Lambs stand in need of our care,
 Then let us not lengthen delay.

What pleasures I feel with my dear,
 While gamesome young Lambs are at sport;
 Exceeds the delight of a Peer,
 That shine with such grandure at court,
 When Collen and Strephon go by,
 They form a disguise for a while;
 They see how I'm blest with a sigh,
 But envy forbids them to smile.

Let

Let Courtiers of Liberty prate,
 To enjoy it take infinite pains;
 But Liberty's primitive state,
 Is only enjoy'd on the Flames:
 With Phillis I rove to and fro;
 With her my gay minutes are spent,
 'Twas Phillis first taught me to know,
 That happiness flows from content.



The Rose.

SEE that beauteous blooming rose,
 All its fragrant sweets disclose,
 Op'ning to the shining light,
 In it vernal glory bright;
 Seeming conscious of its pow'r,
 Over each inferiour Flower.

But what pitty it must die,
 That so charms the ravish'd eye,
 Ah your sweeter Beauties must,
 Crumble into shapeless dust;
 Pale beneath a tomb stone laid,
 Happy, sprightly, blooming maid.

When the seen of life is o'er,
 And those eyes shall shine no more,
 Then what Solice could attend,
 Parent, lover or a friend.

Did.

Did not your fair virtues say.
We shall shine in endless day.



The Fickle Lovers.

DAMON and Phillis, lovers both,
Went to the Park one Sunday,
And joining hands they made an oath,
To Marry on the Monday.

The swain awake at break of day,
Lay Musing on Love's stories
Then dress'd himself and slipt away,
To Church along with Chloris,

The Nymph inform'd of what had past,
Ne'e let her Spirits falter,
But call'd Philander up in haste,
And met them at the alter.

Each willing Pair the Vicar bound,
In soft Conjugall ties,
The happy day a Banquet Crown'd,
A prelude to new Joys.

The

The Lass of Peaties Mill.

THE Lass of Peaties Mill,
 So bonny blyth and gay,
 In spite of all my Skill,
 She stole my heart away,
 When tedding of the hay,
 Bear headed on the green,
 Love 'midst her looks did play,
 And wanton'd in her e'en.

Her arms white round and smooth,
 Breasts rising in their dawn,
 To age it wou'd give youth,
 To press 'em with his hand,
 Thro' all my spirits ran,
 An extasy of bliss,
 When I such sweetness fand,
 Wrapt in a balmy kiss,

Without the help of art,
 Like flowers that grace the wild,
 She did her sweets impart,
 When e'er she spoke or smil'd,
 Her looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride,
 She me to love beguild,
 I wish'd her for my bride.

O had I all the wealth,
Of towns high mountains fill,
Insur'd long life and health,
And pleasure at my will,
I'd promise and fulfill,
That none but bonny she,
The lass of Peaties Mill,
Shou'd share the same with me.



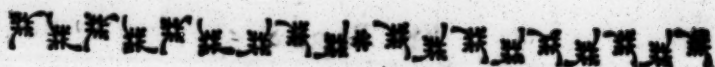
The Banquet,

Come hither ye Jolly ye Jocund and gay,
To Bacchus's Banquet repair;
Leave all party Zealots and ~~Traitors~~ of the day,
All dotards and dupes to the fair.

To nobler Enjoyments I hither invite,
All such as to pleasure incline,
Here'd Bacchus the God of all social delight,
Holds forth in a bumper of wine,

A Banquet o'er flowing with Freedom and Mirth,
Abounding with Friendship and love;
A Banquet that gives every Pleasure a birth,
And makes us divine as great Jove;

Lrs:



LIBERTY.

Since every Charm on earth's combin'd,
 In Chloes Face in Chloes mind ;
 Why was I born ye Gods to see.
 What robs me of my Liberty.

Untill that fatal hapless day,
 My heart was lively brisk and gay,
 Cou'd sport with every nymph but she.
 Who robs me of my Liberty.

Now to the darksome shade I rove,
 Reflecting on the Pains of love,
 And envy every Clown I see,
 Enjoy the tweets of liberty.

Think then dear Chloe e'er too late,
 That death must be my hapless fate,
 If love and you do not agree,
 To set me at my Liberty.

We'll follow Hymenes happy train,
 And every idle care disdain,
 We'll live in sweet tranquility,
 Nor wish for greater Liberty.



The Rapture.

W Hilst on thy dear bosom lying,
 Cælia who can speak my bliss,
 Who the transport I'm enjoying,
 When thy balmy lips I kiss.

Every look with love inspires me,
 Every touch my bosom warms,
 Every melting murmur fires me,
 Every Joy is in your arms.

Those dear Eyes how soft they languish,
 Feel my heart with rapture beat,
 Pleasure turns almost to anguish.
 When the transports are so great.

Look not so divinely on me,
 Cælia I shall die of bliss,
 Yet, yet turn those Eyes upon me,
 Who wou'd not die a death like this.



The Favourite Man.

I F e'er I wed as most Girls do,
 My partner I'll describe to you,
 To you I'll tell my Plan,
 First honour must his actions guide,
 Not meanly low nor puff'd with pride,
 Must be the fav'rite man,

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Let Fortune moderate Gifts dispense,
A little wit a little sence,
Well place him in the Van,
Be his address genteel and free,
Polite to all but kind to me,
Must be the fav'rite man,

To have me neer will be the lot,
Of Coxcomb, Blockhead Fool or Sot,
They merit's a rattan,
Nor let the rake with wanton Eye,
To win my soft affections try,
He'll be no fav'rite man.

But Love with fair discretion Joined,
An easy form a pleasing mind,
Will mutual ardour fan,
And if I taste Connubial bliss,
Or e'er indulge a mutual kiss,
Sch be the fav'rite man.

The Pilgrim.

IN Pennance for past folly,
A Pilgrim blyth and Jolly,
A foe to melancholly,
Set out strange lands to see,
With cockle shells on hat brim,
With staff scrip beads and that trim,
As might become a Pilgrim,
Beggin for Charity.

With feet unsho'd he traces,
 O'er hills o'er wilds and chases,
 And soundy dismal places,
 In hopes some roof to see
 But when he look'd and saw no,
 Kind of hut to go to,
 Was e'er poor Pilgrim plagu'd so,
 Begging for Charity.

At length almost dejected,
 Kind heaven when least expected,
 A Damsel's steps directed,
 Whence comes you sir says she ;
 On many wery steps sweet,
 And all on thele poor bare feet,
 O could I be your help mats,
 Lodging for charity.

My tenement is brittle,
 My room I fear's too little.
 It suits me to a tittle,
 And in at once went he :
 Through many a town and city,
 I've been to beg for pity.
 But ne'er found room so pretty
 Or so much Charity.

Nine days he liv'd in clover,
 So well he play'd the lover,
 She thought the time soon over,
 And are you going says she:

But

But gentle Pilgrim should you
Return this way I would do,
As much as woman could do,
And all for Charity.



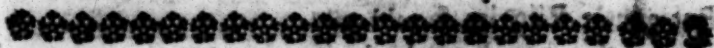
Hark away 'tis the merry ton'd Horn!

Hark away 'tis the merry ton'd horn,
Call the hunters all up in the morn,
To the hills and the woodlands we steer,
To unharbour the out lying deer,
And all the day long this is our song,
Still hollowing and following so frolic and free,
Our Joy knows no bounds while we're after the hounds,
No mortals on earth are so jolly as we:

Round the woods when we hear how we glow,
While the hills they all echo hollow,
With a bounce from his cover when he flies,
Then our shouts they resound to the skies.

When we sweep o'er the valleys or climb,
Up the heath breathing mountains sublime,
What a Joy from our Labours we feel,
Which alone they who taste can reveal.

But



Thro' the woods Laddie.

O H! Sawny why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn,
Thy presence could ease me when nothing could
please me,

Now do I sigh on the banks of the burn,

Or thro' the wood laddie untill thou return.

Thro' the wood laddie thro' the wood laddie thro' the
wood thro' the wood thro' the wood laddie

Now down &c.

Tho' woods now are bonny and mornings are clear

While far'locks are singing and primroses springing

Yet none of them pleases my eyns or my ear,

When thro' the wood laddie ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken some spear na to tell;

I'm fash'd with their scorning both evening and mor-

ning

Their Jerring gae aft to my heart wi a knell,

When thro' the wood laddie I wander my fell.

Then stay my dear sawny nae longer away,

But quick as an arrow haste hear to thy marrow,

When living in longour till that happy day.

When thro' the wood laddie we'll dance sing and play.

Thro



- Thro the Wood Lasse.

O H Nelly na longer thy sawney new moun,
 Let music and pleasure abound without measure,
 Abound without measure
 On hillocks and mountains or low in the burn,
 Or thro the wood lassie sing sawney's return,
 Thro the wood thro the wood lassie,
 Thro the wood thro the wood lassie,

On hillocks &c

Since I have been absent from thee my dear Nell,
 No content no delight have I known day or night
 The murmuring streams and the hills echo tell,
 How thro the wood lassie I breath my sad Nell.

But now to all Sorrow I bid a full adieu
 And with Joy like the dove, I'm returned to my love
 The maxim of loving in truth less pursue,
 Then thro the wood lassie we'll bonnily go.

Come lads and come lasses be blithsom and gay,
 Lat your heart merry be and your pipes full of glee,
 The highlands shall ring with the Joy of the day,
 While thro the wood happy we dance sing and play.

The

The Bee,

A Busy humble bee am I,
That range the garden Sunny,
From flower to flower I changing fly,
And every flower's my honey,
Bright Chloe with her golden hair,
A while my rich Junquill is,
Till cloy'd with sipping nectar there,
I hie to rosy Phillis.

But Phillis's sweet opening breast,
Remains not long my nation,
For Kitty must be now address'd,
My spicy breath I Corination,
Yet Kitty's fragrant bed I leave,
To other flowers I'm a rover,
And all in turns my love receive,
The gay wide garden over.

Variety that knows no bounds,
My roving fancy edges,
And oft with Flora I am found,
In alliance under hedges,
For as I am an assiduous bee,
Who range each bank that's sunny,
Both field's and gardens are my fee,
And every flower my honey,

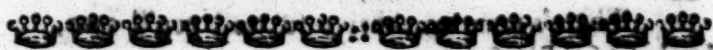
The



The Fair.

YOU bid me write my charming dove,
 What can I write if not of love,
 My hearts all love and all my care,
 Is how to please my charming fair.

My Fannys looks will cheer my heart,
 And Eloquence to me impart :
 And all my theme and all my verse,
 Will be her charms for to rehearse.



The Inconstant,

TELL me no more of lovers chains,
 Of killing frowns or torturing pains,
 Know I despise the tyrants sway,
 And cast his cruel ties away,

Yet I oft reveal with the boy,
 Despise each care and taste each Joy;
 If Chloe frowns why what care I.
 Theres lovely Phillis will comply.

When once a Females kisses dry,
 For fleeting is the transient Joy,

I socond as the birds in may,
Strait to another wing my way.

Thus I with Cupids darts still play,
And wanton o'er each happy day:
Thus till lifes latest stage may I
By Cupids smiles attended fly.



The Physician.

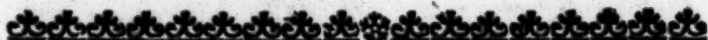
OF all Professions in the town,
To humour each condition,
There's none can thrive so well you'll own,
As that of a Physician,
We hum we haw and do what not,
To win your approbation,
And now a rear device we've got,
And that's Inoculation.

The small pox is a sad disease,
There's no one her can doubt it,
The Lawyers teasing for his fees,
Say whe cant do without it?
So be our patiens high or low,
Our price is to their station,
Both purse and body undergo,
Whats call'd Inoculation,

Let ins and outs do what they will,
On politicks the prate is,

We

We live by physic and our bill,
 And our advice gives gratis,
 We give it now that every youth,
 Without the least evasion,
 Shou'd wed his lass with love and truth,
 And dread Inoculation.



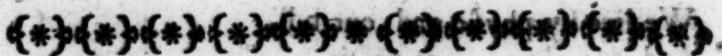
A M A N D A.

Hail friendship hail thou heavenly power,
 Kind genius of each fleeting hour,
 The fairest maid to me impart,
 The spring that moves the human heart,
 Teach me bright angels how to find,
 Access, to dear Amandas mind.

Thou fair Decendant from above,
 Bright Sister to the god of love,
 Thou who with generous heat does glow,
 When virtue feels some heavy blow ;
 For me exert the power divine,
 And let Amandas, heart be mine.

But if thou think'st thy aid to poor,
 Call in thy little brothers power ;
 And then what mortal can withstand,
 When love and friendship leads the band :
 Exert your strength and let me prove,
 With her the soft delights of love.

Delia



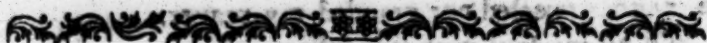
DELTA.

Soft pleasing pains unknown before,
 My beating bosom feels,
 When I behold the peacefull bow'r,
 Where dearest Delia dwells,
 Where daily do I drive my flock,
 Ah happy happy vale!
 Where sigh and look'd and while I look'd,
 My sighs increase the gale,

Sometimes at midnight do I fry,
 Beneath th'inclement sky,
 And there my true devotion pay,
 To Delia's sleep seal'd eyes.
 So pious Pilgrims nightly rove,
 With tedious travel lame,
 To kiss alone the clay cold tomb,
 Of some lov'd favourite Saint.

Oh! tell ye shades that hold my fair,
 And all my bliss contain,
 Ah! why shou'd ye these blessings there,
 For which I sigh in vain.
 But let me not at fate repine,
 Or thus my griefs impart,
 She's not your tenant, she is mine,
 Her mansion is my heart.

The



The Lads with the delicate air.

Y Oung Molly who lives at the foot of the hill,
 Whose fame every virgin with envy does fill,
 Of beauty is blest with so ample a share,
 That men call her the lads with the delicate air.

One evening last may as I travers'd the grove,
 In thoughtless retirement not dreaming of love :
 I chanced to espy the gay nymph I declare,
 And really she'd got a most delicate air.

By a murmuring brook on a green mossy bed,
 A chaplet compassing the fair one was laid :
 Surpriz'd and transported I cou'd not forbear,
 With raptures to gaze on her delicate air.

For that moment young cupid selected a dart,
 And pierced without pitty my innocent heart :
 And from thence how to gain the dear maid was my
 care,
 For a captive I fell to her delicate air.

When she saw me she blush'd and complain'd I was rude
 And beg'd of all things that I would not intrude ;
 I answer'd I could not tell how I came there,
 But laid all the blame on her delicate air.

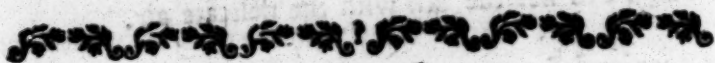
Said her heart was the prize which I sought to obtain
 And hop'd that she'd give it to ease my fond pain,

E

She

She neither rejected nor granded my prayer,
But fir'd all my soul with her delicate air.

A thousand times o'er I've repeated my suit,
But still the tormenter affects to be mute,
Then tell me ye swaint who have conquer'd the fair
How to win the dear lass with the delicate air.



The Bucks Medly Cantata,

When does wonders every day,
Makes the heavy light and gay,
Throws of all our melancholy,
Makes the wisest go astray,
And the busy toy and play,
And the poor and needy jolly,
And the poor and needy,
Jolly Tom and cleave legg'd dick,
With blouzy moll and maggotry kate,
Into a hop happen'd to pop,
They danc'd bobbing joan till late,
Frisking about candles went out,
Tom kiss'd Moll and,
Young I am and sore afraid,
Would you hurt a harmless maid,
Lead an innocent astray,
Tempt me not kind Sir I pray,
I have a tennement to let,
Will please both great and small Sir,

And

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And if you'd know the name of it,
 I call it Sportſman's hall Sir.
 It's ſeated it a pleaſant vale,
 Near to a riſing hill Sir,
 And thro' it runs a purling ſtream,
 Would turn a little mill Sir,
 Robert knock'd at Sarah's doors
 Where he had often knock'd before,
 Sarah roſe to let him in,
 And made him ſwear he ſhould not,
 Sound a parly ye fair and ſurrender,
 Fairiſt of the Virgin throng,
 Doſt thou ſee the Swains abode,

Recitative

See from the ſilent grove, Alexis flies
 And ſeeks with every pleaſing aſt,
 To eaſe the pain which lovely eyes,
 Created in his heart,
 To ſhinning theatres he now repairs,
 To learn Camilla's moving airs
 Where thus to muſic's power
 The ſwain addreſs'd his prayer.

Air.

Was ever poor fellow ſo plagu'd with a vixen,
 Zound madge dont provoke me,
 But mind what I ſay,
 You've choſen a rong perſon,
 For playing your tricks on,
 To pack up your,
 Shrewsbury Cakes, they are ſo fine,
 They're fit to eat alone or with wine;

And

R 2.

Twelve

Twelve a penny tis four too many,
 Gentlemen will you please to buy any,
 A plague of those wenches,
 They make such a pother,
 When once they have letten
 A man have his will,
 They're always a wining for,
 Hot lamb stoncs hot,
 Dainty fine beans buy my fine beans,
 Fine potatoes two pound a penny,
 If ever a fond inclination
 Rose in your bosom to rob you of rest.
 Reflect with a little compassion,
 On the soft pangs which prevails when I,
 Follow'd a lass that was froward and shy,
 Oh I stuck to her stuff till I made her comply,
 Oh I took her so lovingly round the waist,
 And I smack'd her lips and I held her fast:
 When all the tavern fires were dead,
 And pimps and waiters were gon to bed,
 A buck was left alone,
 Hence with cares complaints and frowning,
 Welcome jollity and joy,
 Every grief in pleasure drowning,
 Mirth this happy night employ,
 Let's to friendship do our duty,
 Laugh and sing some good old,
 Chiron thus preach'd to his pupil Accillis,
 I'll tell you a story which I heard of late,
 With a roudy dou roudy dou daro,
 Of a lady being made out of six sorts of meat,

Sing

Sing roudy dou roudy dou dare.
 Her back it was mutton, and veal was her breast
 And Venison her belly and ought to be prest,
 Her lips they were honey and ought to be lick'd
 And pork was her venus and ought to be prick'd,
 Her buttocks was brawn and would you know why,
 Because of her mustard pot being so nigh,
 Buxham Jade got on an bald mare,
 With a whip and a spur,
 Such flogging and jogging,
 Such splashing and dashing was never zeen,
 There Jolly tom cry'd out as she came.
 You lozey face frouzy face,
 Monkey face plunky face,
 How'd thy hand make her stand thoult be down,
 No sooner Tom spoke but down squat Joan,
 With her head and bum up and down,
 So that her paugh was showne ball'd.
 Mare went galloping back again home,
 Tuddy dee dudy-dee lawdy-dee dum,



A Two Part Song in Brittania.

HE comes, he comes, the heroe comes,
 Sound sound your trumpets,
 Beat beat your drums,
 From port to port let cannons roar,
 He's welcome to the british shore.
 Welcome, welcome, welcome to the british shores.

Sing

E 3

Prepare

Prepar prepar your songs prepar,
 Loud, loudly rend the echoing air,
 From pole to pole your joys resound,
 For virtue is with glory crown'd,
 Virtue. virtue, virtue, vertue.
 Virtue is with glory crown'd.



Rail no more,

RAIL no more ye learned asses,
 'Gainst the Joys the bowl supplies,
 Sound its depth and fill your glasses,
 Wisdom at the bottom lies,
 Fill it higher still and higher,
 Shallow draughts perplex the brain,
 Sipping quenches all our fire,
 Bumpers light it up again.

Draw the scene for wit and pleasure;
 Enter jollity and joy;
 We for thinking have no leasure,
 Manly mirth is our employ,
 Since in life there's nothing certain,
 We'll the present hour engage,
 And when death shall drop the curtain,
 With applause we'll quit the stage.

BAECHU

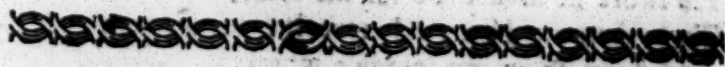


BACCHUS.

Bacchus god of Joys divine,
 Be thy pleasures ever mine.
 Smile on this thy votary's prayer,
 All besides not worth my care;
 All our griefs brisk wine dispells,
 Drinking every trouble quells.

When the goblet full is fill'd,
 From the clustring vine distill'd,
 Then indeed I'm truly blest,
 And every anxious thought at rest,
 While its potent juice I quaff,
 Still I sing and dauce and laugh.

Wou'd you be for ever gay,
 Mortals learn of me the way,
 'Tis not beauty 'tis no love,
 Will alone sufficient prove,
 If you'd raise and charm the soul,
 Deeply drain the spicey bowl.



The Scotch air in the overture to Thomas and Sally.

TO ease his heart and own his flame,
 Young Jockey to my cottage came, But

But tho I lik'd him, passing weel,
I careles turn'd my spinning wheel.

My milk white hand he did extol,
And prais'd my fingers long and small,
Unusual joy my heart did feel,
But still I turn'd my spinning wheel.

Then round about my flend wait,
He clasp'd his arms and me embrac'd,
To kiss my hand he down did kneel,
But yet I turn'd my spinning wheel.

With gentle voice I bid him rise,
He blest my neck my lips and eyes;
My fondness I could scarce conceal,
Yet still I turn'd my spinning wheel.

Till bolder grown so close he prest,
His wanton thoughts I quickly gues'd,
Then push'd him from my rock and reel;
And angry turn'd my spinning wheel.

At last when I began to chide,
He swore he meant me for his bride.
Twas then my love I did reveal,
And flung away my spinning wheel.

Shuter's Medly.

SEE the happy country lass,
Sits contented on the grass,

Al

All the day does sport and play,
 How sweet the moments pass,
 But heres no rest or quietness or sleep,
 For Sweep Sweep, Sweep Soot ho,
 Milk, Milk ho,
 Hot cakes, hot cakes heres prussian hot cake,
 Any old cloths old-cloths to sell,
 Old cloths shoes hats or cloths,
 Brass to mend bellows to mend,
 Hot spice Gingerbread hot,
 Come buy my spice gingerbread smoaking hot,
 Buy a fire stone cheek for your flows buy a fire stone,
 A long tail pig or a short tail pig,
 Or a bob tail pig or a pig without e'er a tail,
 A sow pig or a bore pig or a pig with a curling tail,
 Holloway cheese coke,
 Buy a dutch loaf buy a dutch loaf,
 Knives to grind scissars to grind,
 Old chairs to mend,
 Do you want any matches,
 Come buy my fine matches,
 Come buy them of me,
 They are the best matches that ever you see,
 For lighting your candle or kindling your fire,
 They are the best matches that you can desire,
 See there see there see there,
 Heres your nice fresh cod,
 Dainty live cod nice Flounders,
 Fine civile oranges or lemons,
 Come buy my water crisses,
 Grovnd Ivy ground ivy,
 Come buy my ground ivy,

Ground

Ground ivy come buy my ground ivy,
 Cooper
 All ready pick'd green an large gooseberries,
 Six pence a gallon,
 Fine singing birds
 Oh raree show oh raree show,
 Come see my pretty show,
 Here's the last dying speech and confesion,
 Both parentage and education
 Life character and behaviour,
 Of all the nice potatoes fine potatoes
 Hare skins or rabbit skins
 Old flint: glass any old glass bottles to sell
 Tops and bottoms
 Do you want a good flint or a good steel
 Here's sugar fugar sugar peas
 Nice young peas nice young beans,
 Pen knives scissars buckels or buttons
 Buy a broom buy a brush or a hair broom
 E'er a table mat or a door mat
 Here skins maide here's money for your old rags
 New Castle salmon new castle salmon
 Buy all my eals
 Have you e'er a spot or a stain
 Let it be tar or any comb
 Or any greale I'll take it out now before your face
 Out of any choice polonies fine polonies
 Hot grey peas hot
 Lloyds evening Lloyds evening post
 Lloyds evening post
 Past ten o'clock
 The london gazette

Great

Great news in the london gazette
 Post eleven o'clock
 The Card invites in crouds we fly
 To join the Jovial routful cry,
 To join the Jovial routful cry,
 What joy from cares and plagues all day.
 To hye to the midnight hark away,
 The brisk the bold the young the gay,
 All hye to the midnight hark away.



In praise of women.

MY temples with clusters of grapes i'll entwine,
 And barter all Joys for a bumper of wine,
 In search of a venus no longer I'll run.
 But stop and forget her at bacchus's tun.

Yet why this resolve to relinquish the fair.
 'Tis a folly with spirits like mine to despair,
 And what mighty charms can be found in a glasse,
 If not fill'd to the health of a favourite las.

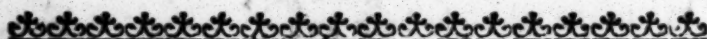
'Tis woman whose charms every rapture impart,
 And lend a new spring to the pulse of the heart,
 The miser himself to suprem is her sway,
 Grows a convert to love and resigns her his key.

At the sound of her voice sorrow lifts up her head,
 And poverty listens well pleas'd from her shed,

While

While age in an extacy hobling along,
Beats time with his crutch to the tune of her song.

Then bring me a goblet from bacchus's hoard;
The largast and deepest that stands on his board,
I'll fill up a brimmer and drink to the fair,
'Tis the thrust of a lover and pledge me who dare.



The Joak.

YE Bucks and ye bloods,
Who love tipling and smoakeing,
Who season each moment,
With Loughing and joaking,
A while be but silent,
Attend what is spoke,
And I'll make it appear,
That the worl is a Joke,

Sing tantararaar joak all.

The patriot so grave,
From plain fir to his grace,
For his country will baul,
Till he gets a good place;
Then he lays down the mask,
And he throws of the cloke,
And proves what he said,
Was alas but a joke

The

The general so brave,
Would his post soon betray,
If the foe would genteely,
But double his pay,
No longer would venture,
With cannon and smoke
But resign and retire,
And then laugh at the joke.

The Lawyer who pleads,
That your cause is quite good,
Tho' he knows by himself
It is not understood,
When he's drain'd all the fees,
That he can from your poke
Your cause is neglected,
And all is a joke.

The Physician so prim,
With his cane and large wig,
Who lols in his Chariot,
And looks very big,
When death comes and gives you
The finishing stroke,
You will find his prescriptions,
Were all but a joke.

The next is old spin text,
Reclamer of evil,
Who says for your sins,
You will go to the devil !

Sing &c

Sing &c

Sing &c

When

When out of the pulpit,
He'll wench drink and smoke,
And ali will conclude
Then his preaching's a joke.

Sing &c.

The ladies so virtuous
So charming and prytty,
Who rail against lovers
And cast away pittty ;
Such railing we know,
Is no more then a cloke
For ladies were always,
All fond of a joke.

Sing &c.

The flattering fop and
The tradesmen who cheat,
Will joke at each other
When passing the street ;
Nay he that can't joke
We a ninny should call
So let us Sing tantararara
Joke all joke all,

Sing tantararara &c.



The Highland Queen

NO more my Song shall be ye swains,
Of perlin streams or flowry plains,
More pleasing beauties now inspire,
And Phaebus deigns the warbling lyre,

Divinely

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Divinely

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Of

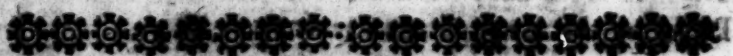
LET others sing in lively strains,
The Nymphs that tripe the verdant plains.

Or with their lankins play,
Bright Pollys charms my soul alarms,
And she shall grace my lay.

As ev'ning Cynthia's wat'ry rays,
Are all eclips'd by Phaebus blaze,
At the approach of day,
When Polly goes to grace the plains,
All other Nymphs gives way,

Bright modesty with beauty join'd,
Beams forth in my dear Polly's mind,
And every grace improve,
While virtues rays her mind displays,
In wisdom wit and love.

Happy thrice happy is the swain,
Who can her affections gain,
And win the lovely maid,
Which only can by worth be done,
For worth with loves repaid.



Young I am and fore afraid,
Wou'd you hurt a harmelefs maid,
Lead an innocent astray:
Tempt me not kind fir I pray.
Young I am and fore afraid,
Wou'd you hurt an harmelefs maid,
Lead an innocent astray,
Tempt me not kind fir I pray.

Man.

Me
And
Rui
Sur
Rui
Sur
Ah
Too



O
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We

No
No
To
Man
Tha
No
We

Men too often we belev,
 And shou'd you my faith deceive,
 Ruin first ruin first and then forsake,
 Sure my tender heart would brake,
 Ruin first then forsake,
 Sure my tender heart would break,
 Ah sure my tender heart would break,
 Too sure too sure my tender heart would break,



Oons' Neighbour ne'er blush.

O On's Neighbour ne'er blush,
 For a trifle like this,
 What harm with a fair one,
 To toy and to kiss,
 The greatest and gravest,
 A truce with grimace,
 Wou'd do the same thing,
 Wou'd do the same thing,
 Wou'd do the same thing,
 Were they in the same place.

No age no profession,
 No station is free,
 To sovereign beauty,
 Mankind bend the knee,
 That power resistless.
 No strength can oppose,
 We all love a pretty.

Girl under the rose,
Under the rose under the rose.
We all love a pretty
Girl under the rose.



The Invitation Sung by Mrs. Vincent, Mr. Lowe,
Miss Davis, Mr. Taylor, and Mr. Raworth, at
Marybone Gardens.

Mrs. Vincent.

Come ye party jangling swains,
Leave your flocks and quit your plains,
Friends to country friends to court,
Nothing here shall spoil your sport:
Ever welcome to our feast,
Welcome every friendly guest.

Mr. Lowe;

Be it peace or be it war,
Both or either, I don't care,
Pri thee Collin what have you,
Or I with peace or war to do.
Ever welcome to our feast,
Welcome every friendly guest.

Miss. Davis.

All that rip'ning Sun can bring,
Beauty's Summer beauty's spring,
In one varying scene we show,
The green the ripe the bad the blow,
Ever welcome to our feast,
Welcome every blooming guest.

Mr.

Mr. Raworth,

Sprightly widows come away,
Laughing dames and virgins gay,
Little gaudy fluttering misses,
Smiling hopes of future blisses,
Ever welcome to our feast,
Welcome every sprightly guest.

Mr. Taylor.

Comus Jestling Music charming,
Wine inspiring beauty warming,
Rage and party malice dyes,
Peace returns and discord flies,
Emblem of the joys above,
All is rapture all is love.

Chorus, Chorus Jestling &c.



Nancy, Sung by Mr. Vernon at Vauxhall.

T Was underneath a may blown bush,
Where Violets bloom, and sweet Primroses,
With voice melodious as the thrush,
Young Johnney sung Collecting posies
Those to the brest must be convey'd,
Of her who sways my warmest Fancy,
The tender blushing blooming maid,
My smiling mild good naturd Nancy.

I know that some her youth will jeer,
And call me witless auff and Zinni,

But

But I from constant heart declare,
I ne'er will wed except my Nanny's;
I envy them nor pomp nor dress.
Nor conquest gain'd o'er hearts of many,
The study of my life's to bless.
And please my dear my greatfull Nanny.

How much unlike my fair to those,
Whose wanton Charms are free to any,
I'd gie the world could I disclose,
A fiftieth part the worth of Nanny;
Let bucks and bloods in burnt champain,
Toft Lucy, Charlotte, Poll and Fanny.
At notions so abfur'd and vain,
I smile and clasp my blameless Nanny.]

The Bird, a favourite Song Sung by Mr. Raworth
at Marybone Gardens.

THE bird that hears her nestlings cry,
And flies abroad for food,
Returns impatient thro' the Sky,
To nurse the callow brood:
The tender Mother knows no Joy,
But bodes a thousand harms,
And sickens for the darling boy,
While absent from her arms,

Such fondness with impatience join'd,
My faithfull bosom fires,

Now

Now forc'd to leave my fair behind;
 The queen of my desires:
 The pow'rs of verse too languid prove,
 All families are vain,
 To show how ardently I love,
 Or to relieve my pain.

The Saint with fervent Zeal inspir'd,
 For Heaven, and Joys divine,
 The Saint is not with Rapture fir'd,
 More pure more warm than mine:
 I take what Liberty I dare,
 'Twere impious to say more,
 Convey my Longings to the fair,
 The Goddess I adore.



The Span, Sung by Mr. Dearle at Finche's
 Grotto Gardens.

THE Philosophers. Moralists. Poets and those
 Who have left their opinions, in verse and in
 prose,

Fine lessons have taught tho' not all understood,
 Yet entirely meant I deare say for our good,
 The Cheifest of which we may readily scan,
 That our time here below is no more than a span,
 Our time here below is no more than a span.

The assertion is Just if, with reason we view,
 Mortality constantly shews us tis true,

Then

Then to fill up this trifle of being below,
 A doctrine I think which we all ought to know,
 For a moment attend to my song if you can,
 And I'll teach you the best method to fill up the span,

Leave the parson to preach, and the pedent to prate,
 The poet to scribble, the statesman to fate,
 The Bully to bluster, the valliont to fight,
 The lawyer to wrangle, of wrong and of right,
 Their business is not in the course of my plan,
 Weth matter more pleasing I'll fill up the span.

Milth, beauty and wine, shall prepare ye a feast,
 And smiling good humour bid melcome each guest,
 'Tis a banquet suits only the Jovial and gay,
 Let the grave, the remorse, and the dull keep away,
 Insipid by nature they'll like not the plan,
 So just as they chuse let them fill up their span.

To a couch deck'd for pleasure let beauty be led,
 With roses and lillies, all careless o're spread
 Let the soft breathing flute to her murmurings join,
 When love melts on her bosom in raptures divine
 That this is true pleasure deny it who can,
 And this is the method to fill up the span.

Let good humour as president sit in the chair,
 And ruddy fac'd Bacchus with momus appear,
 Let the full flowing goblet go chearefully round,
 And the heart lifting long to the heavens resound,
 Let allein full Chorus approve of the plan,
 And own this the method to fill up the span.

The LINNETS.

AS bringing home the other day,
 Two Linnets I had ta'en.
 The pretty warblers seem'd to pray,
 For Liberty again,
 Unheedfull of their plaintive notes,
 I sung acrofs the mead,
 In vain they tun'd their downy throats.
 And flutter'd to be freed.

As passing thro' the tufted Grove,
 Near which my Cottage stood,
 I thought I saw the Queen of love,
 When Clora's charms I view'd,
 I gaz'd, I lov'd, I prest her stay,
 To heare my tender tale,
 But all in vain, she fled away,
 Nor could my sighs prevail,

Soon through the wound which love had made,
 Came pittý to my breast,
 And thus I as compassion bade,
 The feather'd pair address'd,
 Ye little warblers cherefull be,
 Remember not ye flew,
 For I. who thought my self so free,
 Am far more caught than you.

The Lilly of the Vale,

THE fragrant lilly of the vale,
 So elegantly fair,
 Whose sweets perfume the fanning gale,
 To Chloe I compare,
 What tho' on earth it lowly grows and strives its head
 to hide,

Its sweetness far out vies the rose,
 That flaunts with so much pride,
 That flaunts with so much pride.

The costly Tulip owes its hue,
 To many a gaudy strain;
 In this we view the virgins while
 Of innocence remain,
 See how the curious florists hand,
 Uprears its humble head;
 And to preserve the charming flower,
 Transplants it to his bed.

There while it sheds its sweets around,
 How shines each modest grace,
 Enrap'ur'd how its owner stands,
 To view its lovely face,
 But pray my Chloe now observe,
 The inference of my tale,
 May I the Florist be and thou,
 My Lilly of the vale.

Where



Where is Pity's melting Eye.

W HERE is Pity's melting eye,
 Beaming like the widdow dove
 As she heaves the tender sigh,
 Pining in the shady grove :
 Can I bear the barbarous knife,
 Plung the dagger in his breast,
 Daina the purple stream of life,
 Wretched monarch most distressed,

Rise parental fondness rise,
 Hear obey the soft alarm,
 Thy Infant lifts imploring eyes,
 Pity should thy rage disarm :
 Where is nature's tender call ?
 Where a Father's dear delight ;
 In death the wife and infant fall,
 Buried in eternal night.



An ode Composed for the Noble Order of BUCKS.
 Particularly for the Agriculturian Lodge, held at
 the Lebeck's Head in the Strand.

RECITATIVE.

FIRST, at the swelling blast of Nimrod's horn,
 His sportive sons, rosy as the Morn,

G

With

With hopes enliv'ning, hail the genial plain:
Flew to the field, enraptur'd with the strain.

AIR. *Tune, Rule Britannia.*

So like the hardy sons of your
Who are at Nimrod's high command;
Shall modern Bucks, with loud encore,
Re-echo to the Noble Grand:
And this shall ever be our lay,
Great and Noble we Obey.

Tho' not alone to sport's confin'd,
'Tis labour oft increases Health;
It warms the body, cheers the mind,
And industry produceth wealth.
To meadows yet un-plough'd repair,
Let Agriculture be our care.

RECITATIVE,

Or when the social bowl, of generous glass,
Inspires the toast with some delicious lass;
Let order thro' the jocund band preside,
And sense and reason ev'ry action guide.

AIR, *Tune in Infancy.*

And when to chaunt, the soul's inclin'd,
With mirth or high renown;
Let innocence, with freedom join'd,
Our various pastimes crown;
Let concord too, with beauty smiles
From ev'ry eye impart;
Whatever care or fear beguiles,
It cheers the human heart.

REC.

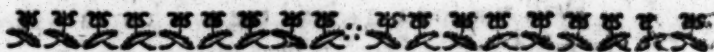
RECITATIVE.

To Nimrod then we'll lift the goblet high,
And waft his praises to the vaulted sky.

AIR. *True God save the King.*

Hail unanimity,
Strength of Society,

Source of true Joy :
Blest with thy presence, we
Tast that felicity,
Mirth and festivity,
Time can't destroy.



A New SONG.

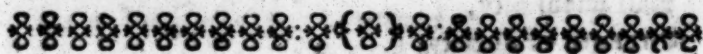
Tune, If or'e the cruel Tyrant Love.

Beneath a flow'ring hawthorn tree,
On violet bed reclin'd;
My guiltless heart in extacy,
I gave to Rosalind,

Whose cheek the rose's blush displays,
Her neck the Jassamine blow ?
Her eyes out shines Aurora's rays,
With bosom cold as Snow.

For she unkind my suit denies.
My Jealous love disdains ;
With scornful tongue the heart decries,
Where real friendship reigns.

Oh ! Cupid pierce her stubborn heart,
 Or reinstate my own ;
 Draw from my breast the wrangling dart,
 Or join us both in one.



A New S O N G.

Tune A Cobler there was,

WHile each love sick scribblor to dress up the fair
 Will run for a garland the evil knows where,
 Of her mind and her person they tell us such lies,
 That you think her a goddess just dropt from the skies
 Derry down, &c.

Tho' satire I mean not such praise I detest,
 Yet my fair shall be sung of as well as the rest,
 And while with my pen fairest truth goes along,
 I doubt not but my Betsey will list to my song.

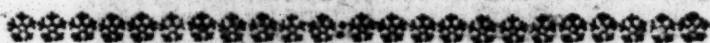
Though her eyes are not light'ning to set us on fire,
 Yet their beams are as bright as a man can desire,
 Tho' nor lillies or roses her cheeks overspread,
 What's better there's true flesh and blood white & red

Her person's majestic, yet easy withal,
 Not so strait as a cedar, nor nothing so tall,
 'To say that with Venus she vies for her air,
 Since I never saw Venus I cannot declare,

Her wit is still just in what witty should be,
 Good sense goes in hand with the smart repartee,

Not prodigally squeamish nor wantonly gay,
Yet charming and brisk as the birds in the May.

To sum up the whole you may search the world round
A Nymph more compleat there can never be found,
Then cease ye vain scriblers your flattering lays,
For Betsey alone is the subject of praise,



Address'd to that Laudable Society, call'd
ANTICALICANS.

YE free born sons, whose glorious aim,
Aspires at something more than name,
Accept my humble lays;
To you the grateful thanks belong,
Each briton join assist my song,
And chorus in your praise.

Let the dull stupid, sordid ass,
French wine or brandy in his glass
In nectar's stead display;
Let the rich belle in french made cloaths,
Tread the mall to allure her beaux,
These insects of a day.

While ye true patriots of the isle,
On you Britannia deigns to smile,
And names ye all her sons;
Who loves her friends and scorn her foes,

Nor

Nor blend the lilly with the rose,
But fight them with their guns,

Not the loud cannons dierful stroke,
Sent from our largest hulls of oak,
Our sailors there display ;
So lasting imminently sure,
Like wepons such as you procure.
To take their trade away.

Assist your friends, yet britons then,
Ye that wou'd pass for Englishmen,
And seem to ape your foes ;
Assume your reason once again,
Despise this senseless gaudy vein,
And put on English cloaths.

Ye British fair by all admir'd,
When in your native dress attir'd,
The pink of comeliness ;
Each have in your power to chide,
A haughty rival's treacherous pride,
With this to scorn their dress.



The Origin of Old English Liberty.

ONCE the gods of the greeks, at ambrosial feast,
Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing ;
Merry Momus among them Was sat as a guest,
Homer says the selesials love laughing :

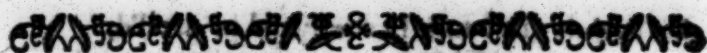
On

On each in their turn in the synod he dropp'd,
 So none cou'd his Joking disprove,
 He sung, reparte'd and some smart stories told,
 And at last thus began upon Jove.

Sire Atlass who long had the the universe bore,
 Grown grievously tir'd of late,
 Complains that mankind are much worse than before
 So he begs to be eas'd of their weight ;
 Jove knowing the earth on poor atlas was hurl'd,
 From his shoulders commanded the ball,
 Gave his Daughter attraction the charge of the world
 And she hung it up high in his hall.

Miss pleas'd with the present, review'd the globe round
 To see what each climate was worth ;
 Like adiamond the whole with an atmosphere bound,
 Then variously planted the earth ,
 With silve, gold, jewels, she India bestow'd,
 France and Spain she taught vineyards to rear,
 What was fit for each clime on each clime she bestow'd,
 And freedom she found flourish hear.

Four cardinal virtues she left in this isle,
 As guardians to cherish the root ;
 The blossoms of Liberty gaily again smile,
 And Englishmen fed on the fruit :
 Thus fed and thus bred by a bounty so rare.
 Oh ! preserve it as free as 'twas giv'n.
 We will while we've breath, nay we'll clasp it in death
 Then return it untainted to Heaven.



A New S O N G.

CUPID commander of every creature,
 Every quality rank and degree;
 Scorn of dignaty, and person of quality,
 Striking at Monarchs as well as at me.

Chuse me a dart that is sharp as my passion,
 Hard is the task I won'd have you to try,
 Arm it with feathers for soft is perswasion,
 Quickly and swiftly permit it to fly.

Hit my fair Phillis but ha! do not harm her,
 If it prove hurtfull oh! pitty thy slave;
 Keep in those arrows abuse not my charmer,
 Leave her to fortune and me to my grave.

But if my fate be as kind as my will is,
 And my petition not determent me,
 Fill me with raptures exhalt me to Phillis,
 Make her as happy in stooping to me.

The Funeral of Time.

ONE evening good humour brought wit as a guest
 By friendship invited to share at the feast;
 The licquor was Claret and love was their host,
 And harmony garnish'd each double meant toast.

Derry down.

But

But while like Bucks they enjoy'd their design,
 For the Joys of a buck lies in love wit and wine,
 Alarm'd at the door they heard a loud knock,
 And the watchmen hoarse bellow'd 'tis past 12 o'clock

They nimble ran down the disturbing dog found.
 And up stairs they drag'd the impertinent bound,
 But when brought to the light how much were they
 pleas'd.
 To see 'twas the grey glutton time they had seiz'd.

His glass was a lanthorn his scythe was a pole,
 His single lock dangled all down his smooth scull,
 My friends quoth he catching, I thought fit to knock
 And bid you begone for 'tis past twelve o'clock.

Says the venom'd tooth savage, on the advice fix,
 Tho' nature strikes twelve folly still points at fix,
 He longer had preach'd but no longer they'd bear it,
 So hid him at once in a hogshed of claret.

This is right call the wit for we're just in our prime,
 There's nothing like claret for killing of time,
 Huzza reply'd love for no more can he nock.
 Nor impertinent tel us 'tis past twelve o'clock.

Now time is no more, nor no more can forbid us.
 Love and wit of that trouble guests well hath rid us,
 Yet if time should be wanting for any design,
 Henceforth he is found in a hoghead of wine,

Since

Since time is confin'd in our wine let us think,
We are certainly sure of our time while we drink,
Come my lads let your glasses with bumpres be brim'd
For know that our drinking is always well tim'd.
Derry down ,



The Discription of a Wine Vault.

Contented I am and contented i'll be,
For what can this world more afford
Then a girl that will sociably sit on my knee,
And a celler that's plentiful stor'd my brave Boys.

My vault door is open descend ev'ry guest,
Spoil that, cask aye that cask we will try.
'Tis as sweet as the lips of your love to the taste:
And as bright as her cheeks to your eye my brave boys

In a piece of slit hoop I my candle have stuck,
'Twill light us each bottle to hand ;
The foot of the glass for the purpose I broke,
For I hate that a bumper should stand my brave boys.

Sound those pipes they're in tune and yon binns well
View that heap of old hock on the rear. (fill'd,
Those bottles of Burgundy mark how they're pil'd,
Like artillery tire over tier my brave boys.

We are dry where we sit, tho' the Oozing drops seem
With wet pearls the moist walls to emboss,

From

From the arch moulding cobwebs in gothic taste seem,
Like stucco work cut out of moss my brave boys,

Astride on a butt for a butt should be strod,
I sit my companions among,
Like grape blessing Bacchus the good fellows get,
And a sentiment give o'er a song my brave boys.

I charge spoil in hand, and my empire maintain,
No patriot more gloriously bled ;
Each drop in defence of delight I will drain,
And myself for my bucks I drink dead my brave boys.

My cellar's my camp, my soldier's my flasks
All gloriously rang'd in review,
When I cast my eyes round I consider my casks
As kingdoms I've yet to subdue my brave boys.

Like Macedon's madman my glass i'll enjoy,
In defiance of gravel or gout,
He cry'd when he had no more worlds to destroy,
But I'll weep when my liquor is out my heart brave
boys.

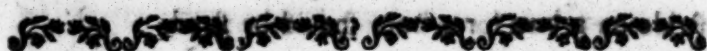
When the lamp is brim full, see the flame brightly
shines

But when moisture is wanting decays.
Replenish the lamp of my life with rich wines,
Or else there's an end to my blaze my brave boys.

'Tis my will at my end not a tear shall be shed,
No hic Jacet be put on my stone,

But

But pour on my coffin a bottle of red.
And say that my drinking is done my brave boys: -



The F L A G S.

Tune, Sæfer and Pompey.

AN address has been made to the king of great
britain
Since false foes at louisburg soundly was beaten;
The trophies that Amhurst from Frenchmen took
quaking.
Are had in return Sirs if I'm not mistaken,

Did you see how the flags as they pass'd thro' the city
By my faith and my soul they are wond'rous pretty.

The scare crows on poles as they march'd thus along fir
Thro' the shouts and applause of a stinking breath
throng fir

They are to the city as fair face to a pimple,
And they frighted they say all the rooks from the temple
Did you see all &c.

To see the guards mounted on horses that caper'd,
With flaming broad swords adzeooks how they vapour'd
Men women and children from lane street and alley,
Came down for to see all these rags took from gallie,
Did you see all &c.

The

Why then let my boy take my place.
 Of our pleasures we crack, for we still love the smack
 And chuckle o'er what we have been;
 Then why should we repine, you've had yours I've
 had mine
 And now let our Children begin.



Thomas and Kate.

WHEN the head of poor Tummas was broke,
 By Roger who play'd at the wake;
 And Kate was alarm'd at the stroke,
 And wept for poor Tummas's sake,
 When his worship gave noggings of ale,
 And the liquor was charming and stout;
 Oh! then 'twas the time to regale,
 And we footed it rarely about.

Then our parent were buxom as does,
 And we all were as happy as kings;
 Each lad in his holliday suit,
 And the lasses in all their best things,
 What merriment all the day long.
 May the feast of poor Collin prove such,
 Adzooks but I'll join in the feng,
 And I'll hobble about in my crutch.

Albion



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Albion S O N G,
Tune, God save the King

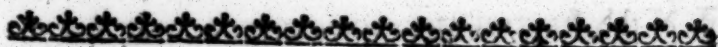
IN this fraternal state,
Reason shall regulate,
Union proclaim :
Source of our noble laws,
Projecting virtue's cause,
Albions must gain applause,
Immortal fame:

O may all happy prove,
Cherishing mutual love,
Friendships great aim :
Ne'er from her paths depart,
Banish all selfish art,
Be brothers too in heart,
Well as in name.

And may that heavenly maid,
Confidence — not betray'd,
Here fix her throne :
Wisdom instruct our lays,
Friendship direct our joys,
Albion sing, *Albion's* praise,
Union make known.

Never by fancy bred,
Let discord raise her head,
Trample her down :

Riot attends her call,
 Envy courts *Albions* fall,
 Prepare to conquer all,
 Be all as one,



The Assembly of the G O D S.

Tune Puff about the brisk bowl.

BY an edict from Jove all the deities met,
 O the top of olympus one day.
 To consult the true means that wou'd pleasure beget,
 And the bliss strait to mortals convey,

Great Juno urg'd power and wealth was the thing.
 The surest to please human kind;
 That splendor and emper, a scepter a king.
 Was all that e'er fancy could find.

But sweet smiling Venus the queen of soft love,
 Dissented from Juno's high plan,
 And said she was certain that beauty wou'd prove
 The greatfallest gift unto man.

Then Pallas appear'd with her lance and her shield,
 And beauty she said was a toy;
 That wisdom alone would true happiness yield.
 That wisdom alone cou'd ne'er cloy.

Apollo

Apollo said harmony only cou'd please,
 That music the charm had alone,
 To allay ev'ry sorrow, to soften to ease,
 Beyond beauty a wit or a crown.

Stern Mars was for slaughter and glory he said,
 Was all that the soul could desire ;
 The shrill sounding trumpet and laurell'd wreath'd
 head

Was a greatness the world most admire.

'Next momus approach'd with saterical grin,
 And jeering his council address'd,
 If laughing your deities deem not a sin.
 I'm sure it wou'd please them the best,

Now reeling young Bacehus appear'd with a bowl,
 And begg'd of the court this request,
 To taste of his liquor——and swore by his soul,
 That wine wou'd please mortals the best.

The gods all consented and took a large sup,
 And own the most pleasure in wine ;
 Jove gave his command and the council broke up,
 And Bacchus came down with the Vine.

In wine is compriz'd ev'ry joy that we share,
 'Tis a friend to wit, wisdom and mirth,
 It heightens the fancy it banishes care,
 'Tis a type of the blessings above.

Then circle the gla'ss and in chorus lets join,
 To Bacchus our voices we'll raise,

To Bacchus who planted the grape bearing wine,
To Bacchus is due all our praise.

Hail roddysfac'd god ! our times still protect,
And thou will your bounty repay,
With heart^s hands and bumpers in ev'ry respect,
To Bacchus we'll loudly huzzay, huzzay.
To Bacchus, &c.



Wilkes's Invitation to Brentford.

BY London rejected yet staunch to the cause,
Of our freedom your *Wilkes* se appear;
Virtue thus more oppress'd more demand our applause.
Like a hero his head he still rears.

Each mode of oppression however in vain,
Writ, Capicious outlawry is tried.
Faction, Interest, o'er Freedom their powers retain,
Venality Virtue denien.

But ye Liberty sons ! who dare'd give your Voice,
Uninfluenc'd resolv'd to be free
Perish join our country which thus for its choice,
Unravall'd for Freedom shall be,

Hail Brentford th' event shall still add to thy fame,
More great to his virtues allied ;
Thy Kings shall with honour receive the great name,
Which the Giants regardless denied.

Tube



The Bumper of Wine.

Time, From the Man that I love,
YE votaries of Bacchus who love a foill flask,
 Who jovially sing to the sound of a cask,
 Who flint not your mirth when grave time
 (strikes the hour,
 But swiftly pursue the old grey headed power,
 As a friend give me leave then your mirth to prolong
 While you circle the glass—to repeat you a song.

Ne'er heed the dull asses who always at strife,
 Still war with themselves and the pleasures of life,
 Let them whine cant and preach and do all that they
 can,
 Let us like true souls make the most of a span;
 At their satisfaction let us ne'er repine,
 While we can find more in a bumper of wine,

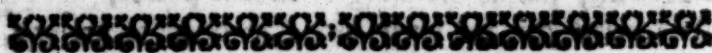
Good wine's the best gift the gods can bestow
 To give us a taste of their heaven below,
 It's charms are beyond the description of art,
 It warms it enlivens makes joyous the heart:
 The young and the old 'twill their senses refine,
 Such charms there are found in a bumper of wine.

The lover who sighs for his fair one unkind,
 Has found in a bottle a balm for his mind,
 The miser who deats on his hoarded up store,

By

By chance has been blest as he ne'er was before,
When Bacchus has giv'n him the juice of the vine,
Such charms there are found in a bumper of wine.

Then give me your voices ye friends to the cause,
For surely the subject demands your applause,
This truth I declare and I'd have you to know't,
'Tis wine that at present has made me a poet,
Then fill me a glass of this liquor divine,
And let this be the toast here's a bumper of wine,



A Medley,

I made love to Kate, long I sigh'd for she,
Till I heard of late she had a mind for
Old Cole of windfor, young Cole of windfor,
None so rare as can compare to
Giles Collins who went to his own fathers house
Where he so often had been a,
And who shou'd come down but his own dear mother.
Oh ! for to let Giles Collins in a.

And as it fell out on a hallowday,
And as it fell out on a hallowday,
'Twas on a hallowday tide a,
'Twas on a hallowday tide a,

When the head of poor Tummas was broke,
By Roger who play'd at the wake.
And Kate was alarm'd at the stroke,
And wept for poor Tummus's sake.
For his heart went bump against his breast,

I thought it wou'd a broke of score at ribs at least,

The live long day I take no rest,

Nor close those eyes at night.

Well well say no more since I told you before,

I know the full length of my tether,

D'ye think I'm a fool that I need go to school

I can spell you and put you together,

A word to the wise will always suffice.

Odznickers go talk to your parrot your parrot,

I'm not such an elf tho' I say it myself,

But I know a sheeps head from

The butchers of fleet market who

With marrow bones and cleavers,

To downright english ears out do,

Italian airs and quavers.

Your chorus while I sing,

Of a damsel just turn'd of sixteen,

Who never the world nor it's dangers had seen,

But yet was so wise as to know,

That I once was a merry gut scraper,

My heart never felt any qualms,

Although I can't frolick and caper,

I'll sing any tune but

The soldiers lady is always ready,

Her pettycoats loose, her pettycoats loose,

And when she came in with,

Dammo senir neat and clean a,

Oh! my sweet my lovely lass,

Wur more stitches in my breeches

Or de foke will see

© London is a fine town and a gallant city,

'Tis

'Tis govern'd by the scarlet gown—
Pray listen to my ditty,
O London is a fine town, &c.



WILKES and Liberty.

Tune, Ge ho dobbin,

WHEN Scottish oppression rear'd up its d—nd
head

And old English Liberty almost was dead,
Brave Wilkes like a true English Member arose,
And thunder'd defiance against England's foes.
O sweet Liberty! Wilkes and Liberty!
Old English Liberty O!"

With truth of his side the great friend of his cause—
He wrote for the good of his country and laws;
No pension cou'd by him——no title or place,
Could tempt him his country himself to debate.
O sweet Liberty, &c.

To daunt him in vain with confinement they try'd
But ah his great soul e'en the Tower defy'd
Conduct me kind Sir to the Jailor he said
Where never Scotch Rebel or Traitor was laid,
O sweet Liberty, &c.

But the Jailor knew well it was not in his power,
To find such a place any where in the Tower,
So

So begg'd if he cou'd he'd the lodging think well on
 Although it smelt strongly of Scotch and Rebellion,
 O sweet Liberty, &c.

The friend to his cause noble *Temple* appear'd,
 (Brave *Temple* by each English bosom rever'd,)
 But such was their power or rather their spite,
 That his lordship of *Wilkes* cou'd not gain the least
 fight.
 O sweet Liberty, &c.

One wou'd think then by this and indeed with some
 reason
 That poor Mr. *Wilkes* had been guilty of treason,
 For sure such good people as now are in power,
 Would ne'er send an innocent man to the Tower.
 O sweet Liberty, &c.

To Westminster then they the traitor convey'd,
 The traitor! what traitor! why *Wilkes* as they said,
 But when he came thither they were all in a pothor,
 And look'd like a parcel of fools at each other.
 O sweet Liberty, &c.

Then back to the Tower they whirl'd him along,
 'Midst the shouts and applause of a well judging throng
 While the dupes of oppression debated I trow Sir,
 Most wisely in private on what they should do Sir.
 O sweet Liberty, &c.

Three days had elaps'd when to Westminster Hall,
 They brought him again midst plaudits of all ;
 When

When wisdom and *Pratts* soon decided the case,
 And Wilkes was discharg'd without guilt or disgrace,
 O sweet Liberty, &c,

Triumphant they bore him along thro' the croud,
 From true English voices joy eccho'd aloud ;
 A fig then for Sawney his malice is vain,
 We have Wilkes — aye and Wilkes has his freedom
 again.

O brave Liberty Wilkes and Liberty.
 Old English Liberty O!



A Medley.

YE Gentlemen of England that lives at home at ease
 Little do yo think upon the danger of the seas,
 Give e'er unto the mariners and they will plainly show
 All the cares and the fears when the stormy winds to
 Blow blow thou winters wind
 Thou art not so unkind,
 Thou art not so unkind

As frisky Sue *Willfleet* was sat at her stall,
 surrounded with fish and the devil and all,
 A Monſter yon futre in the intrim came by,
 At fish and at flesh he caſt a ſheepseye.

At pretty miſs let me kiſs thoſe pouting rubies,
 Sacra diu how charming, Heavens how alarming,
 Are your little bubbies,
 Day ſhine me vid deſire ſait I'm all,

In

In the downs the fleet lay moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind;
 When black ey'd Susan came on board.

O! what will become of poor Darby Machone,
 That's come all the way from the county tyrone,
 To get him a service but faith can get none,
 Cane why should we quarrel for riches,
 Or any such glittering toys;

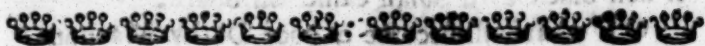
A light heart and a thin pair of breeches goes
 Thro' the wood laddie, thro' the wood laddie,
 Thro' the wood, thro' the wood thro' the wood laddie
 Now dowey I sigh
 For bra' Johnny Boot was a bonny muckle man
 Fra' Scotland he came with his broad sword in hand
 He came at the head

Of all the trades from east to west
 The cobblers past contending,
 Is like in time to prove the best
 When every day he's mending;
 How great his praise who can amend
 The soles of all his neighbours,
 Nor is unmindful of his end
 But to his last

He sings an old song made by an old antient pate
 Of an old right worshipful gentleman of a very good
 citate

Who kept a good house at a bountiful rate
 And an old porter to relieve
 With Roger and Nell with Simkin and Bell
 Each lad with his lass hither come,
 In singing and dancing in pleasure advancing
 To celebrate harvest home,

For Cerus bids play and keep holliday,
To celebrate harvest home, &c



Air to M A Y.

W Anton May with comely grace,
Invites our footsteps o'er the green,
Stern winter with his rugged face.
Melting leaves the amorous scene
The woodlarks soft harmonious lay
Wakes eccho — to the charms of May,

The sleepy mount now fertile grows,
And smiling guards the flow'ry plain,
Sweet odour ev'ry shrub bestow
Refresh'd by springs prolific rain,
From stately oak the gurgling dove
Proclaims blyth May the month of love.

Then guard well your hearts with prudence ye fair
Nor promises only rely,
With falacy men draws you into a snare.
Then scornfully bid you good by,



A new Song.

N O more fill my ears with the charms of the vale,
Such medicine's too late for relief

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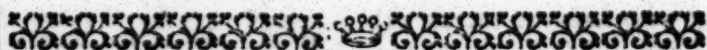
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When love hop'd for love I could pleas'd hear the tale
But lost what would Banish my grief,

The efforts of reason afford me no ease
Which oft I've call'd to my aid,
In vain every power to lull the disease,
Which loves raging tortures have made.

'Tis idle to talk of direction or rules.
To lessen the weight of despair;
And none can prescribe it but coxcombs and fools,
Whose cause are too callous for fools.

In vain is the force of physical art;
For the latent disease of the mind,
'Tis nature at once can secure the art,
And she but by forming us blind.



A M E D L E Y.

There was a jolly miller once liv'd on the river dee,
He work'd and sung from morn till night
no lark more blyth than he,
And this the burthen of his song for ever us'd to be,
Pretty Polly say, when I was away,
Did your fancy ever stray,
Thro' all the employments of life,
Each neighbour abuses his brother,
Whore and rogue they call husband and wife,
Each profession berogues one another,



(100)

The priest calls the lawyer a cheat
The lawyer beknaves the divine,
And the statesman because he's so great,
Thinks his trade's as honest

As the formal Physician who knows ev'ry ill,
Shall at last be produ'd in his class,
The patient a while will confide in his skill,
Till death proves the doctor

An old woman cloathed in grey,
Whose daughter was charming and young,
And she was deluded away by

Young Strephon who went t'other day to the wake
For some huck'emebuff or a gingerbread cake,
But aye he was joyous and bobish and jolly,
When on the gay green he discover'd

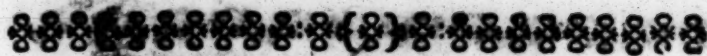
The Cherokee lips are much softer and sweeter,
Their touch more refin'd and their kisses repletor,
The fair ones agree nay I mean not to flatter,
For who like the ladies can judge of

Two goddesses standing together
Thus puzzled young Paris one day,
How shou'd he tell the value of either,

When out of breath mamma came running,
Thinking to share poor Nancy's fate
But the young Jade had got more cunning,
Cry'd out mamma you've come too late.



The

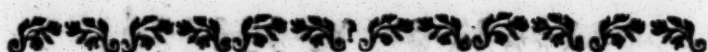


The Shepherds Wedding, a new Song.

YE swains who reap the ripen'd corn,
 And with sweet melody hail the morn,
 Your sickles lay aside:
 Hence labours pressive hand away,
 In rural pastimes spend the day,
 To hail the new made bride.

With roses deck the Jels'mine bowers,
 Bestrew the verdant mead with flowers,
 As Phebe pass along;
 Hark hark the feather'd race on wing,
 To love's strong impulse warbling sing,
 Their soft melifluous song.

'Then fill ye swains the tuneful reed
 Let art with nature vie,
 Nor let the shrill ton'd lark exceed,
 Our pastoral harmony:
 And blith as May morning
 (When nature looks charming)
 The damsels shall dance on the green;
 For with beauty replete,
 The fair Phebe we greet,
 And crown her our pastoral queen.



A Gallante S H E W.

Come de first ting you see
is de proclamation of King Geo de tird,
Amid ten thousand of his loving subjects,
A very fine sight upon my vord,
Dere you see de fine fireworks
And bonfires and hear de bells to ring,
At de accession of a great
A good a wise and an English King.
All so natural as de life.

De next ting dat you see
Is his grandfaders wise counsellors all about,
But he say begar you will no do for me
So he turn dem all out :
Dere you see de great Mr. Pitt
Turn out for de Jack Boot,
Vitch put de nation in
A very great passion without despute.
All so natural as de life

Dere you see de young man
Have more oeconomy den his grandfader,
By having no vine in his cellar,
Nor no mutton in his larder ;
Dere you see all de servants
Of de good old King
Turn off or put to board wages
A very good ting.
All so natural as de life
Now

Now you see de queen Charlotte
 All so great and so fine,
 Come here to make heirs
 Of de great Brunswick line ;
 And now you see dat fight of fights
 De coronation,
 Vitch is allow'd to be de finest
 Ever known in dis nation.

All so natural as de life.

De next ting dat you see
 Is de city of Londons fine shew,
 So rich de King
 And all de royal family do go ;
 Dore you see de fine flags.
 And de man in armour do ride,
 so fine a fight begar
 No city show in all de world beside.

All so natural as de life.

De next ting you see de prince of wales,
 A very fine boy,
 Dis no doubt give de peöpl
 Very much joy ;
 Dere you see de vine and de cakes
 Given away on de occasion,
 A very good proof of de Scotch oeconomy
 In dis frugal nation.

All so natural as de life

Dere you see de proclamation of peace
 And de end of the war,

So

So glorious a fight
 It make every body stare;
 Dere you see de tallowchandlers
 All sad on dat fight,
 Because de peoples joy
 Make dem forget to put out de lights.
 All so natural as de life.

Dere you do see de first fruits
 Of dis peace arise,
 A terrible Monster
 Vitch is called the cyder excise,
 Dere you see de countryman
 Take in his hand de ax,
 To cut down de apple trees
 Rather den pay de tax.
 All so natural as de life,

Now you see de Jack Boot
 Exalted to a very great pitch,
 Dat de nation is in a fright
 For fear dey do catch de itch;
 Dere you se de great Mr. W——s
 Put de pen to paper,
 And write de North Briton
 Vitch put de Boot in a great vapour.
 All so natural as de life,

Now you see all de nation
 In such a very great pother,
 Dat de Jack-Boot tinks fit
 To leave his place to some other;

Dere

Dere you see him behind de curtain
Make believe he is gone,
but tis very well known all de while
He prompts dem every one,

All so natural as de life,

De next you see de North Briton
Make dem so mad in pöwer,
Dat dey break open Mr. W——'s house
And send him to the tower ;
Dere you see Lord Temple
And many other great men,
Go to see him,
But begar dey wou'd not let dem in.

All so natural as de life.

Dere you see de huzza
Of de great and de small,
He is carried before de Judges
At Westminster hall ;
Dere you see de great patriot
Undaunted stand,
And say he no care
For any Scotch rascal in de land,

All so natural as de life.

Dere you see him remanded
Back to the tower,
To be confined
(For what de lord knows) three days more,

Dere

Dere you see him brought
Before dem again I trow.
But because dey did not know
Vat to do dey let him go,

All so natural as de life,

De next ting you see
Will Hogarth publish de print,
But he forgot his own puggy nose
When he made him squint ;
Dere you see de great Mr Churchill
Write de satire epistle.
Which made Hogarth so mad
That he did cut his whistle.

All so natural as de life.

Now begar you see Mr, Wilkes
Chosen member for Middlesex,
And turn out de great Proctor
which make him very much vex ;
Dere you see de Cities of London
And Westminster vid illuminations,
Vitch put all de great folks
In very great conternation,

All so natural as de life

Now you see him
Once more in England free,
While all de people cry
Out Wilkes and Liberty ;
Dere you see de windows of the Mansion House
And Jack Boot's broke,

Because

Because de English swear
Dey will not wear de Scotch yoke,
All so natural as de life.

De nex ting you see is
(On *Wimbleton* Common) de grand review,
Of de life guards and de light guards
And de horse guards blue,
Dere you see dum pay
De grand salute to de King,
Ane now ladies and gentlemen
You've seen my Gallante Shew and every ting,
All so natural as de life.

The Farmers Description of London, A MEDLEY

Come Roger and listen to where I have been,
I'll tell the what wonderfull fights I have seen,
Such places for pastime and high renown,
In that famous city call'd fair London town,
Charming London, happy London, in that famous
City call'd fair London town.

First you must know that we did go,
 Into the city, into the City,
 And saw not far from temple bar,
 The wax work pretty, the wax work pretty.

Oh! then they carried me
To a place they call'd St. Pauls,
Where thousands I did see,

But 'twas bigger than them all,
 Then up the winding stairs
 So high we did ascend,
 So many ways I thought I ne'er should see the end,
 Oh! how I gap'd and star'd,
 When to the top I came,
 Had you been in my place
 Why you had the same.

To Guildhall next we did repair,
 All for to see the Giants,
 They told me that they did stand there
 To bid the French defiance,
 And when they heard the clock strike one,
 they would come down and greet me,
 Egad I did not like such fun,
 For fear that they should eat me.

And then to the tower away we all stroll'd,
 The Lyons and armour and crown to behold,
 Where the showman at last bid the ladies so fair
 In old Harry's pincushion stick a pin there,
 In old Harry's, &c.

Back to Westminster Abby we stray'd,
 Were I saw all the King's and Queens tombs,
 But I never saw since I was made,
 Such a number of deadly high rooms,
 Then the Organs they play'd up so fine,
 What the Boys sung I understood not,
 And the people the people in chorus did join,
 That in Heaven I thought I had got.

At playhouse too I did admire,
 A man a walking on a wire,
 As tho'f it was the ground, as tho'f it was the ground

As

As for
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 Adieu



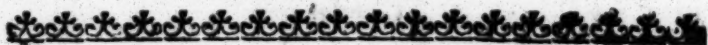
No
 And

No m
 No m
 Such

And
 Each
 For

No to
 Wha

As for the sails of our old mill
 Compar'd with him they do stand still,
 So swift he did turn round, so swift he did turn round,
 But now alas! the time was come,
 When I must think of going home,
 Ah! me unhappy clown,
 I dreamt of what I'd seen all night,
 So early by the morning light,
 I left dear London town!
 charming London! lovely London!
 Adieu dear London, London town.

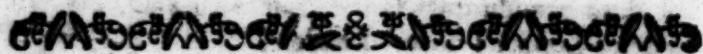


The Maid of Fashion.

Now pride usurps each female heart,
 Now honest Nature yields to art,
 And prudence shews her selfish part,
 In e'ry maid of Fashion.
 No more the tenderest passions move,
 No more each bosom pants for love,
 Such weakness now we never prove,
 In any maid of Fashion.

And tyrant passion fills her breast,
 Each softer sense by that surprest,
 For pride has banish'd all the rest,
 From e'ry maid of Fashion.
 No tell tale tongue will now reveal,
 What virtue need not blush to tell,
 In e'ry maid of Fashion.

Decorum now with prudish pace
 Of truth and innocence takes place,
 Simplicity now turns her face
 From e'ry maid of Fashion.
 Bred up in affectations school,
 So very nice. so very cool,
 Each word each action form'd by rule,
 Compleats the maid of Fashion.



Fair ELIZA. The Words and Music by a
 Gentleman.

AT Beauty's shrine I long have bow'd
 At each new face my heart has glow'd,
 With something like a passion;
 But dull insipid joys I found,
 The bliss no genuine raptures crown'd,
 The fair love but from fashion,
 The fair love but from fashion.

Inconstant I of force became,
 No care kept up the lambent flame,
 Which thus unheeded died;
 To whim was sacrific'd each grace,
 To vanity each pleasing face,
 And Love too oft to pride.

At length I fair Eliza saw,
 Whose beauties fire whose virtues awe,

I gaz'd

I gaz'd admir'd and lov'd;
Her sweet attention sooths each care,
Nought can our mutual bliss impair,
Time has our flame improv'd



The GOOD FELLOW. Sung by Mr Vernon.

Distant fly the carping care,
From the spot where I do dwell;
Rigid mortals come not there,
Frowns begone to hermit cell,
Frowns begone &c.
Let me live the life of souls,
With love and laugh and flowing bowls,
With love &c.

Miser with thy peltry pelf,
I give 'gainst thee my hate its scope,
Wretch that liv'st but for thy self,
With heart of rust that cannot ope,
Fly bird of night from sun and Souls,
That love and laugh o'er flowing bowls.

Who can let the pensive go,
Or the eye that drops a tear,
And not weed their minds of woe,
May not dare to peep in here,
Who can't be friends, can ne'er be souls,
Nor e'er shall quaff our flowing bowls.

Joys on joys O let me taste,
 Health and mirth dwell in my gate,
 Whilst with ease my sand doth waste,
 Whilst I bless the book of fate,
 That lets me live the life of souls,
 With love and laugh and flowing bowls.



Jockey and Jenny. Sung by Mrs. Pinto

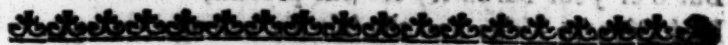
AS *Jockey* and *Jenny* sat in the cool shade,
 Young *Jockey* was happy and happy the maid,
 She blush'd and she cry'd dear *Jockey* with thee,
 My life tho' in bondage wou'd seem to be free ;
Jockey to *Jenny* his passion to prove.
 Her hand gently press'd his eyes darting love,
 Cry'd out in a transport was ever a pair,
 So happy as *Jockey* and *Jenny* the fair.
 So happy as *Jockey* and *Jenny* the fair.

Content with each other in humble retreat,
 They court not new beauties, nor envy the great.
 He'll not quit his nymph, nor the nymph quit her swain
 For pleasure that's false, or for riches to gain ;
 He breathes the pipe her sweet voice tunes the song
 Or they hand in hand walk the green vallies along,
 Content with true pleasure their footsteps attends,
 For *Jockey* and *Jenny* are lovers and friends,

White

While rovers leave Silvia, for Chloe's bright eyes,
Then Aminta pursue and fair Chloe dispise,
The pure flame of love in their breasts will ne'er burn
And their nymphs learn from them to be false in their

Jockey and *Jenny* beneath their thatch'd cot,
As their strangers to rare, blest fate for their lot,
Ye gay ones and fair ones who'd true pleasure share,
Be constant like *Jockey* and *Jenny* the fair.



The Fair Sex Vindicated,

Sung by Mr. *Vernon*.

THE goodness of women some men will dispute
But I shall their arguments fairly confute,
But I shall &c.

Undeniable prove that they do what they ought,
And say what you will they are never in fault,
Never in fault, never in fault, are never in fault,
And say what, &c.

You sometimes object to their voluble tongues,
That they harass your ears and destroy their own lungs,
Should they talk pretty creatures from morning till
night,

From fifteen to fifty their all in the right.

If resentment against the fair sex you conceive,
Give attention to slanders and slanders believe,

Behold their sweet faces resentment will fly,
Vexation turn pleasure and jealousy die,

The poets strange tales tell of Orpheus you know,
How he went for his wife to the regions below,
But it must be a falshood because one so fair,
So lovely and kind was too good to go there.

No more at these charmers ye unthinking rail,
But o'er your barbarity let 'em prevail,
Perfection to kings and the fair sex belong.
For Women like Monarchs can never do wrong.



I'll never be MARRIED.

Sung by Mrs. Smith. The Words by Mr. A. Smith

WHEN e'er I wed i'll have all things my way
In nothing i'll e'er be debarred,
For sooner than e'er he my will shou'd gain say,
Ud rat it i'll never be marri'd,
So many have thought perhaps you may say,
And often this point have mis-carri'd;
But it signifies nothing I will have my way,
Or rat it I'll never be marri'd,
Or rat it, &c.

To be snubb'd and be fool'd that I never can bear,
For that faith I always have parried,

And

And before that a Man should be master I swear,
 U'd rat it i'll never be marri'd;
 Shou,d ought, go away he shall frown and shall chide;
 If absent I chance to have tarri'd,
 On my word mighty fine on each terms to be ty'd
 I wonder who'd ever be marri'd.

I plenty of sweet hearts have had in my time,
 And each thought the day to have carri'd,
 Some courted in prose and others in rhyme,
 But none of the fools I e'er marri'd;
 For the way to live easy is single to be,
 In wedlock what hopes have miscarri'd,
 No fellow on earth shall e'er controul me,
 For rat it i'll never be marri'd.



Advice to MYRA.

I see it Myra know it well,
 That love has reach'd your heart;
 For what your tongue denies to tell,
 Your willing eyes impart,
 Your willing eyes impart;
 When Damon wrestles on the green,
 Your Looks your passion prove,
 For in your eyes is plainly seen,
 The partial joys of love,
 The partial joys of love,

When

When Sukey gave her lilly hand,
 To Damon in the vale,
 Say could you then your fears command,
 Did not your cheek turn pale;
 Cease then dear maid to tease the Youth,
 But kindly own the flame,
 For love consists of honest truth,
 And will itself proclaim,



PHILLIS the Sun's Rival.

Sung by Mr. Dodd.

THE sluggish morn as yet undrest,
 My Phillis broke from out her east
 As if she'd made a match to run,
 With Venus usher to the sun;
 The Trees like yeomen of her guard,
 Serving more for pomp than ward,
 Bank'd on each side with loyal duty,
 Wave branches to inclose her beauty,
 Wave branches to inclose her beauty.

The waken'd earth in odours rise,
 To be her morning sacrifice,
 The flowers call'd out of their beds,
 Start and raise up their drowsy heads,
 And he that for their colour seeks,
 May find it vaulting in her cheeks,

Where

Where roses mix no civil war,
Between her York and Lancaster.

These miracles had cramp't the Sun,
Who thinking that his kingdom's won
Powders with light his frizled locks,,
To see what saint his lustre mocks;
The trembling leaves thro' which he play'd,
Dapling the walk with light and shade,
Like lattice windows give the spy,
Room but to peep with half an eye.

But what religious palfie's this,
Which makes the boughs divest their bliss,
And that they might her foot steps strew,
Drop their leaves with shiv'ring awe,
Phillis perceives (and least her stay,
Shou'd wed December unto May,)
Withdrew her beams yet made no night,
But left the Sun her curate light.



THE COTTAGER.

Set to Music by W. Wheatley.
Ingledew.

The words by Mr.

AS on a pleasant hill I stood,
A cottage in the vale I view'd,
Where at I'd never been ;

I thither went as lost from town,
 'twas growing late the sun was down,
 I call'd to be let in.

A young and pretty cottager,
 Came tripping finging to the door,
 And look'd a soul's delight,
 While blushes heighten'd every grace,
 I silence broke, I told my case,
 And beg'd to stay all night,

With trembling accent came reply,
 Your suit i'm sorry to deny,
 But I am quite alone,
 I urg'd distress, and innocence.
 While she reply'd, on no pretence,
 You must not; pray be gone.

'Twas overcast a lowering sky,
 Portended rain, the winds blew high.
 As I to wander went;
 When kind compassion seiz'd her soul,
 She could not bear thus to stroll,
 So call'd and gave consent.

But me enjoin'd to give a proof,
 Of honour while beneath her roof,
 (For virtue she could boast,)
 I vow'd to act the noble part,
 Her would have thank'd withall my heart,
 But found my heart was lost.

Her

Her modest air her pretty face,
Ye Gods! her every charming grace,
I to the world prefer.

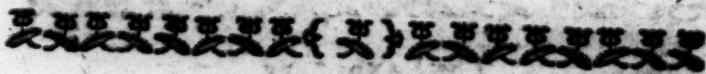
And if she learns to love like me,
My glory day and night shall be,
The pretty Cottager.



A Song in Love in a Village.

Sung by Miss Brent. Set by Mr Barnard

IN Love shou'd there meet a fond pair,
Untutor'd by fashion or art.
Whose wishes are warm are warm and sincere,
Whose words are th'excess of the heart,
Whose words are th'excess of the heart,
If ought of substantial delight,
On this side the stars can be found,
'Tis sure when that couple unite,
And Cupid by Hymen is crown'd.
And Cupid by Hymen is crown'd.



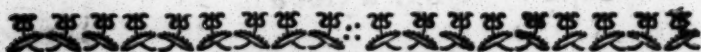
Ode on M A Y.

FAIREST daughter of the day,
Lovely Goddess blooming May.
Hither come with roses crown'd,
Painting where you tread the ground.

At the lov'd approach of thee shoots
 The luscious Mulb'ry tree,
 Vines their rudder leaves unfold,
 Nor the Fig tree dreads the cold.

Nymph divine behold the showers
 Rise to kiss the vernal flowers,
 Woodbines spangled o'er with dew
 Deck their arborets for you,
 Tulips rear their glitt'ring head,
 Pinks adorn the fragrant beds,
 And the silver lillies swell,
 And the golden asphodel.

Goddess with thy vest of green,
 Goddess with thy youthfull mien,
 Come and bring thy mines of wealth,
 Gladness and her parent health,
 Bring along thy virgin train,
 Chace away grim care and pain,
 Now the loves and graces all,
 Throng obedient to thy call.



The LANDSCAPE.

Wrote by Mr. Shenstone, Set by Mr. Yates, and
 Sung by Mr. Vernon at Vauxhall,

HOW pleas'd within my native bow'rs.
 E'er while I pass' the day,

Was

Was ever scene so deck'd with flowers,
 Were ever flowers so gay,
 Was ever scene, &c.
 How sweetly smil'd the hill the vale,
 And all the Landſcape round,
 The river gliding down the dale,
 The hill with beeches crown'd,
 The river gliding, &c.

But now when urg'd by tender woes,
 I ſpeed to meet my dear,
 That hill and ſtream my zeal oppoſe,
 And check my fond career,
 No more ſince Daphne was my theme,
 Their wonted charms I ſee,
 That verdant hill, and ſilver ſtream,
 Divide my love and me,



The Jovial Philoſopher.

BE content in your ſtation my friend,
 The maxim is *probatum eſt*;
 Life's ſhort from beginning to end,
 Then let us paſs thro' it with zeſt.

The monarch ſurrounded by fame,
 Can taſte no more pleaſure than you;
 His paſſions and feelings the ſame,
 Deſires and wiſhes as few.

The cobbler who hugs his brown lads,
 Feels emotions of love full as strong,
 As those of a much higher class,
 And glories he won her by song.

For the loss of a nail tinkers rage,
 As much as for realms a great king ;
 With clamours our ears both engage,
 And much the same peal they both ring.

On my word, my good friend, we're a crowd,
 Variegated among great and small ;
 We take it by turns to be proud,
 And likewise by turns rise and fall.

Like actors, who strut for an hour,
 In all the grand flav'ry of state,
 Next day abdicated from power,
 With pages o'er porter they'll prate.

Then from an enlivening bowl,
 While our reason holds good never finch ;
 For life's but a span my brave soul,
 Then faith we'll enjoy every inch.



The Triple Disposition of the SEXES.

WHAT various expressions our language allows
 To a lover, a bridegroom, and veteran spouse
 How

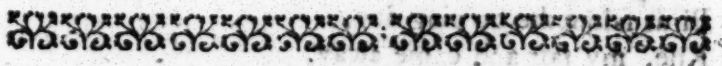
How diff'rent their thought, and how diff'rent their
carriage,
In courtship. at wedding, and after their marriage.

The lovers whines out in a languishing air,
My beauty, my angel. my charmer my fair;
Her cheeks are likes roses, her lips are like ruby;
He makes her a goddess, she makes him a booby.

The bridegroom now thinks he more freedom can
take,

And calls her his deary, his duck, and his drake,
He swears time itself his love cannot cool,
He thinks her an angel, she thinks him a fool.

The husband in short time can clearer perceive,
For what people see they are apt to believe;
He thinks her a compound of mischief and evil,
He calls her whore and she calls him a devil.



The Disconsolate LOVER.

ER I lov'd I could frolic and play,
And knew the sweet charms of repose;
To solicitude now I'm a prey,
My only companions are woes.

If sleep kindly closes my eyes,
Fancy raises the image of care,

How
poule
How

I start, overcome by surprize,
And wake to my former despair.

Thus waking or sleeping, my mind
Is fated keen sorrow to feel,
Then Venus, oh! goddess be kind,
And teach me my anguish to heel,



The Invitation.

NOW the winter rains are o'er,
Ratling blast and stormy roar,
Now the sun resumes his ray,
Rise, my fair and come away.

Spring renews her beauteous birth,
Rising from the teeming earth ;
Birds salute the op'ning day,
Rise, my fair and come away.

Turtles cooing, thrill the note,
Softly thro' the warbling throat,
Pair'd they sit on every spray,
Rise, my fair and come away.

Flora's bounty decks the fields,
Every beauty Flora yields ;
While each flo'wret seems to say,
Rise, my fair and come away.

Op'ning

Op'ning pleasure now invites,
Sheds around it's new delights;
All the village now is gay,
Rise, my fair and come away.

Shepherds wait us on the plain,
Ev'ry nymph has join'd her swain;
Nature too is doubly gay,
Rise, my fair and come away.

Will my love, a chaplet wear,
Braided roses for her hair;
While we thro' the thicket stray,
Rise, my fair and come away.

Thro' the thicket, thro' the grove,
Feats of pleasure, feats of love;
Minutes fly by this delay,
Rise, my fair and come away.

Chuse what pastimes suits thee best,
Leave this dull inactive rest;
By the brook no longer stay,
Rise, my fair and come away.





R O N D E A U.

Sung by Mrs. Weichsel. Set by Mr. Smith.

FAithless Damon's turn'd a rover,
From my longing arms he flies.
Soon return thou perjur'd lover,
Or your hapless Celia dies.

Must I longer pine and languish,
Will you false and cruel prove?
Hither haste to ease my anguish,
And reward your Celia's love,
Faithless Damon's, &c.

Think. O think, how thus deceiving,
Tender virgins hearts are won;
Foolish maids, too soon believing,
Are by faithless men undone.
Faithless Damon's, &c.



B A L L A D.

Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Mr. Yates

WHAT is Chloe to me, or Lydia the fair,
Their beauties with thine I cannot compare:
What's

Think not e'er my heart to reign in,
Think not all you say can move,

Did I take delight to fetter,
Thrice ten thousand slaves a day :
Thrice ten thousand times your better,
Gladly would my rule obey.
Simple Strephon, &c.

Seek not her, who still forbids you,
To some other tell your moan :
Chuse where'er your fancy leads you,
Leave Clorinda but alone.
Simple Strephon, &c.



A Hunting Song.

Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Mr. Worgan.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED,

Bright dawns the day with rosy face,
That calls the hunters to the chace.

A I R,

With musical horn,
Salute the gay morn,
These jolly companions to cheer ;
With enlivening sounds,
Encourage your hounds,
To rival the speed of the deer.

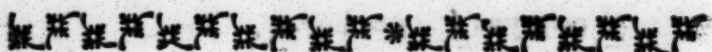
Would

Would you find out his lair,
To the woodlands repair,
Hark, hark ! " he's unharbour'd " they cry ;
Then fleet o'er the plain,
We gallop amain,
All, all is a transport of joy.

O'er heaths, hills and woods,
Thro' forests and floods,
The stag flies as swift as the wind .
The welkin resounds,
With the cry of the hounds,
That chant in a concert behind.

Adieu to old care,
Pale grief and despair,
We ride in oblivion of fear ;
Vexation and pain,
We leave to the train,
Sad wretches that lag in the rear.

Lo ! the Stag stands at bay,
The pack's at a stay,
Then eagerly seize on the prize ;
The welkin resounds,
To the chorus of hounds,
Shrill horns, wind his knell—and he dies.



S O N G,

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, Set by Mr. Arnold.

SOFT breathing, the zephyrs awaken the grove,
Now, now is the season for pleasure and love;
Yet let no delights on our moments intrude,
But such as are simple, and such as are good.

Far hence be the love, that's by wantonneſs bred,
Far hence be the pleasures by vanity led!
But joys, which both reason and virtue approve,
Such, ſuch are the glory and pride of the grove.



The APRIL FOOL.

Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Yates.

ONE April morn, young Damon sought,
O'er Sylvia to prevail,
And with dissimulation fraught,
He thus address'd his tale.
Now winter's chilling blasts are o'er,
And spring's prolific reign,
Impels the blossom and the flower.
To deck the smiling plain.

Let

Let us my dearest girl repair,
 To yonder bloomy grove,
 For oh ! I long to tell thee there,
 How ardently I love.
 When Prudence watchful for the good
 Of all who seek her care ;
 Confest before the damsel stood,
 And said of man beware.

What tho' his words as honey sweet,
 Seem all in candour drest,
 Yet art the parent of deceit,
 Lies lurking in his breast.
 Admonish'd by this faithful friend,
 The cautious maid reply'd,
 The youth I to the grove attend,
 Must make me first his bride.

Abash'd ! the swain his purpose saw,
 In blackest colours rise,
 Her honour struck his soul with awe,
 And fill'd with shame his eyes ;
 To church he led the lovely maid,
 Fair virtue's sacred school !
 While Sylvia archly smil'd and said,
 Now — who's the *April Fool*.

R O N D E A U.

Sung by Mrs. Weichsel. Set by Mr. Potter.

WOULD you wish to gain a lover,
You must all your hopes conceal;
When inconstant will discover,
What our sex too oft reveal,

True teaches wise discretion,
Fickle men are full of arts;
A thoughtless fond confession,
They seduce and steal our hearts.

Would you wish, &c.

Oh, O shun! their soft persuasion.
Let not tears your passion move;
Embrace the first occasion,
When convinc'd they truly love.

Would you wish &c.

Patty of the Hill.

Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Mr. Hook.

Venus Queen of soft delights,
Accept a suppliant's pray'r;

Who

Who wishes
In which
Inspire his
Yet void
When he h
For Patty

What strain
To melt
Since words
Nor e'er
Unless thy
And lov
In vain mu
Of Patty

Her cheek
Her bre
Inferior far
The (par
Her voice
Excels t
In vain the
Like Pa

How shall
The cha
In her is e
That pa
Her soul t
She sto

Who wishes to attend the rites,
 In which thy votaries share :
 Inspire his tongue with gentlest airs,
 Yet void of art or skill ;
 When he his unfeign'd love declares,
 For Patty of the Hill.

What strains, O Goddess ! must he find,
 To melt her frozen heart ?
 Since words can ne'er express his mind,
 Nor e'er his pain impart :
 Unless thy son shall aid his lays,
 And love in her instill ;
 In vain must prove his artless praise,
 Of Patty of the Hill.

Her cheek with rose and lilly vies.
 Her breath the sweet woodbines,
 Inferior far unto her eyes,
 The sparkling Diamond shines :
 Her voice exceeds the linnet's notes,
 Excels the thrushes thrill.
 In vain they strive to raise their throats,
 Like Patty's of the Hill,

How shall I paint her tender mind,
 The charm I most admire ;
 In her is every virtue join'd,
 That passion can inspire :
 Her soul the graces all refine,
 She stoops to reason's will ,

M

I'd

I'd Venus,— all the world resign,
For Patty of the Hill.



S O N G.

Sung by MR. VERNON. Set by a Gentleman.

Return'd, return'd, the season of delight !
Most welcome to the long deluded fight,
The earth and sky conspire to cheer the soul,
And grateful joy salutes and crowns the whole.

Love calls, love calls, and Hymen leads the way,
The ruddy youth and maiden chaste obey,
The silken band of holy friendship tie,
And healthful raise a beauteous progeny.

Roll on, roll on, thou lively nimble flood
Of wanton spirits gay and youthful blood,
Th' impatient lover ne'er shall know remorse,
If truth and honour guide his rapid course.

Strike up, strike up, add music to the feast,
Where love presides and friendship is a guest,
Subservient Music, Friendship, Wit and Wine,
To the bright powers of female face divine.

The

The SPARROWS.

Sung by Mr VERNON.

IT WAS in the pleasant month of May,
 When males and females sport and play,
 A wanton sparrow full of prate,
 With on a tree was far;
 They talk'd how faithful they would be,
 And chirp'd eternal constancy;
 The only thing that damp'd their sport,
 Was fear their lives would be too short.

But as from bough to bough they fly,
 Not dreaming any creature nigh,
 For want of a more downy bed,
 Upon a twig with bird lime spread,
 In haste their fond regard to prove,
 They take their little fill of love:
 The only thing that damp'd their sport,
 Was fear their lives wou'd prove too short.

But pains to pleasure soon succeed,
 To both it prov'd a fatal deed;
 For tho' with ease they broke away,
 And baulk'd a school-boy of his prey;
 The bridegroom in the hasty strife,
 Was stuck so fast unto his wife,
 That tho' they us'd their utmost art,
 They quickly found they ne'er must part.

A gloomy cloud o'ercaſt his brow,
 He found himſelf he knew not how ;
 He pouts and glouts and peeviſh grew,
 As other angry huſbands do:
 Whene'er he mov'd he felt her ſtill,
 She kiſs'd him oft againſt his will,
 With favours ſtill o'erwhelm'd her lord,
 Abroad, at home, at bed, at board.

But he ſtill obſtinate and ſtout,
 At length her ſtock of love was out,
 So back to back in diſcontent,
 They fit and ſullenly repent.
 Thus after ſome few hearty prayers,
 A joltle, and ſome ſpiteful tears,
 This is the burthen of their ſong,
 That life is tedious and too long,



The Young SHEPHERD.

Sung by Mr. *Vernon*. Set by Mr. *Potter*.

I AM a young Shepherd the pride of the plain,
 The laſſes all ſtrive my affection to gain,
 I'm teaz'd by young Phillis young Bridget and Sue,
 Say what would you have ſuch a young Shepherd do

I cannot be eaſy wherever I go,
 Nor know I the reaſon they follow me ſo;

'Tis

'Tis strange I am sure you will readily own,
That tho' I refuse they won't let me alone.

Last night at the wake when I danc'd on the green
Such numbers came round me as never were seen,
To be teaz'd in this manner no mortal could bear,
So I fix'd upon one who is lovely and fair.

Her ease and good nature I vow and protest,
Have gain'd my affection above all the rest,
She has wit youth and beauty, the passions to move,
And at last I must own I am smitten with love.



S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. *Weichsel*. Set by Mr. *Bach*.

WHEN chilling winter hies away,
I Flora, re-assume my reign,
Borne on the wings of balmy May,
I come to paint the wood and plain;
Ambrosial sweets I have in store,
The Cowslip, Violet, Rose appear,
The nymphs and swains my power adore,
And with my presence all the year.

B A L L A D.

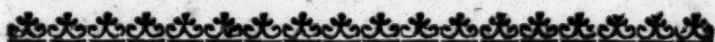
Sung by Mr *Vernon*. Set by Mr. *Dibden*.

LET fops with fickle falshood range,
 The paths of wanton love,
 While weeping maids lament the change,
 And fadden every grove :
 But endless blessings crown the day,
 I saw fair *Esam's* dale,
 And every blessing find its way,]
 To *Nancy* of the vale.

Fresh as the bordering flowers bloom,
 Her eye all mild to view,
 The little *Halcyon's* azure plume,
 Was never half so blue :
 Her shape was like the reed so sleek,
 So taper, strait and fair,
 Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,
 How charming sweet they were.]

Gav lordships fought her for their bride,
 But she would ne'er incline ;
 " Prove to your equals true," she cry'd,
 " As I will prove to mine :
 " 'Tis *Strephon* on the mountain's brow,
 " Has won my right good will ;
 " To him I gave my plighted vow,
 " With him I'll climb the Hill."

Struck with her charms and matchless truth,
 I clasp'd the constant fair,
 To her alone I gave my youth,
 And vow'd my future care :
 And when this vow shall faithless prove,
 And I her charms forego,
 The stream that saw our tender love,
 That stream shall cease to flow.



S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto. Set by Mr. Arnold.

COME hope, thou queen of endless smiles,
 Whose aid the woe of life beguiles,
 With thee I'll rove, with thee I'll rest,
 Amidst thy sweet enchantments blest.

I feel ! I feel thy gladfame ray !
 Dawn on my soul like rising day,
 My heart no more shall feel its care,
 For joyful hope inhabits there.

The Birks of Endermay.

Sung by Mr. *Vernon*, Set by Mr *Dibden*,

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
 Invites the tuneful birds to sing;
 And while they warble from each spray,
 Love melts the universal lay,
 Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
 Like them employ the hour that flies,
 And in soft raptures waste the day,
 Among the Birks of Endermay.

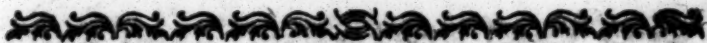
The lavrocks now and linnets sing,
 The rocks around with ecchos ring,
 The wanton kids and frisking lambs,
 Gambol and dance about their dams;
 The busy bees with humming noise,
 And all the reptile kind rejoice;
 Let us like them, then sing and play,
 About the Birks of Endermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
 And age life's winter, will appear;
 At this thy lovely bloom will fade,
 As that will strip the verdant shade;
 Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
 The feather'd songsters please no more,
 And when they droop, and we decay,
 Adieu the Berks of Endermay.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs *Pinto*. Set by Dr. *Arn.*

PALE fear shall ne'er my glory stain,
 From pride these blushes rise,
 'Tis noble scorn, 'tis high disdain,
 That sparkle in these eyes :
 Tho rigid virtue may assume,
 Dominion o'er the soul ;
 O'er men and gods, soft beauty's bloom,
 Still reigns without controul.



S O N G.

Sung by Mr. *Vernon*. Set by Mr. *Potter*.

IF music can charm, and if love can invith,
 No less rosy Bacchus, thou giv'st us delight ;
 I love them 'tis true, but my bottle I swear,
 Is at once the best friend and physician of care,
 But would a gay mortal taste rapture divine,
 Apollo and Venus, with Bacchus must join.

S O N G

(142)

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto. Set by Mr. Arnold.

LOVE'S a fever of the Mind,
Kindling fierce consuming fires,
Sweet its first approach we find,
Raising new and soft desires.
Soon it fills with hopes and fears,
Sighs and tremblings break the rest ;
Glowing wishes, wasting tears,
Night and Day distract the breast.



S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto. Set by Mr. Arnold.

TALK no more of love to me,
All your suit will not prevail ;
I for one confess a flame,
In the humble flowery vale.
For each other long we've sigh'd,
Equal both in birth and place,
He's my only joy and pride,
Love can laugh at noble race,

A I R

A I R.

Sung by Mrs. *Weichsel.* Set by Signior *Galluppi.*

GO go thou false deceiver,
Forever we must part;
Far hence be gone for ever,
I tear thee from my heart,



The MILK - MAID.

Sung by Mr. *Vernon.* Set by Mr. *Potter.*

'TWAS at the cool and fragrant hour,
When evening steals upon the sky,
That Susan chose the woodbine shade,
And William taught the grove to sigh;
The sweetest damsel she on all the plains,
The softest lover he of all the swains.

He took her by the lilly hand,
Which oft had made the milk look pale;
Her cheeks with modest roses glow'd,
As thus he breath'd her tender tale;
The list'ning stream awhile forgot to flow,
The doves to murmur, and the breeze to blow!

O smile my fair, thy dimply smiles,
Shall lengthen on the setting ray;

The

Thus let us melt the hours in bliss,
 Thus sweetly languish life away,
 Thus sigh ourselves into each others breast,
 Loving as turtles, and as turtles blest,

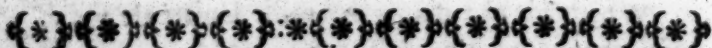
She sigh'd and blush'd at sweet consent,
 He than'd her on his bended knee;
 And warmly press'd her virgin lip; —
 Was ever youth-so blest as he?
 The moon to light the lovers homeward rose,
 And Philomela lull'd them to repose.



S O N G.

Sung by Mr. *Pinto*. Set by Mr. *Arnold*.

THE sun succeeds a cloudy sky,
 A calm a blust'ring gale;
 We must not fix our hopes too high,
 Nor let despair prevail.



C A N T A T A.

Sung by Mr. *Vernon*. Set by Mr. *Arnold*.

Recitative Accompanied.

AT Delia's feet Philander sigh'd,
 Eu; sigh'd alas in vain!

The

The nymph with scorn his suit deny'd,
And triumph'd in his pain.

A R I A,

His prayers to Cupid wing'd their flight,
Who with compassion heard;
And swift as fly the beams of light,
The God himself appear'd.
Where is this hard obdurate heart,
On cruelty intent?
He said, and from his bow a dart,
Precipitately sent.

The devious arrow lost its course,
The bow was drawn in vain;
For Delia's eyes repell'd its force,
And turn'd it back again.
On Cupid's breast it gave the blow,
He felt the poignant wound,
When strait his ineffectual bow,
Fell useless on the ground.

A I R, *Allegro.*

Hence ill betide the luckless hour,
The god in anguish cries,
For Oh, alas! I feel my power,
Usurp'd by Delia's eyes.
Then deem not swain thy lot severe,
Since I of race divine,
Am thus compell'd, compell'd to wear,
An equal chain with thine.

The Shepherds Festival.

Set to Music by Mr Potter.

CHORUS.

Hither come. hither come,
To the sound of the drum!
Pleasure courts you out to joy,
Let us then the gift employ!

Verse. Mr. Vernon.

Summers vernal sweets abound,
Sportive lambskins frolic round,
Painted hills and dais appear,
Flora decks the smiling year.

Verse. Mrs. Walchjal.

Under fragrant rosy bowers,
Lovers pass the fleeting hours,
Nymphs and Shepherds now are seen,
Dancing on the chequer'd green.

CHORUS.

Hither come, &c.

Verse. Mr. Vernon.

By yon hedge rows pleasing shade,
View each jolly toying blade;
Bacchus lends his pow'r divine,
In a goblet full of wine.

Verse

Verse. Mrs. Pinto.

All are happy, all are gay,
Such the bliss of blooming may;
Hither haste ye sons of mirth,
Joy and pleasure here have birth.

CHORUS.

Hither come, &c.



The Pastoral INVITATION.

Set to Music by Mr. BACH.

CHORUS.

YE Nymphs and ye Swains who love pleasure,
And jolly and gay,
Would laugh down the day;

And sport to mirth's frolicksome measure!

Oh hasten and come! — ask you whither?

We beckon you all to come hither.

A I R. Mrs. Weichsel.

Groves echo with sounds so endearing,

The birds merry song,

Enchants all day long,

Then wakes the brisk pipe all so cheering;

To the dance then away! — ask you whither?

We beckon you all to come hither.

CHORUS.

To the dance then away, &c.

A I R, Mr. *Vernon*.

All thought and all sorrow we banish,

No sigh, nor a fear,

Can dare to come near,

At the bowls brimming light they all vanish,

Then quick come away!—ask you whither?

We beckon you all to come hither,

C H O R U S.

Then quick come away!

A I R, Mrs. *Pinto*.

'Tis love who is now so inviting,

Here mildly he reigns,

Over Nymphs and their swains,

With joys all so new and delighting:

Then come to the call!—ask you whither?

We beckon you all to come hither,

C H O R U S.

Ye nymphs and ye swains who love pleasure,

And jolly and gay, &c.



The SHEPHERDS.

A *Trio*. Set by Mr. *Worgan*,

C H O R U S.

Y E lovers of greatness and show,

Who bask in life's sunshine so gay,

And

And think that you only can know.

To live merrily all thro' the day !

Come hither and see

How blithsome are we

Whom danger nor care can invade,

We live in contentment's blest shade.

Mr. Vernon.

As soon as the sun calls the day,

With the lark to our labours we rise,

With health in our cheeks, hearts to gay,

And pleasure that swims in our eyes :

How sweetly from toil must we rest,

No sorrow to waken the breast !

CHORUS

Brisk health then, and love, dance and song,

Shall live with us all the day long.

Mrs. Wechsel.

To hie to the cool mossy bow'r,

To wander o'er hill dale and grove,

To gather each sweet smelling flow'r,

And know not a passion but love ;

Is the glory of Nymph and their Swains,

Come haste then the joy of the plains.

CHORUS

Brisk health, &c.

And

Mrs. Pinto

Here plenty and peace, all are found,

And frolic, and laughter's gay trains,

The swift rolling seasons come round.

T'enliven the Nymphs and the swains,

Sons of pride and of grandeur, and noise,

Can ye boast of more heart pleasing joys.

CHORUS:

Brisk Walk, &c.

~~CHORUS: Brisk Walk, &c.~~

T R I O.

The Music by Mr. Arnold:

A I R. *Mr. Weichsel:*

Beauty's ever smiling queen,

Joy of Men, and pow'r's above,

Hither to the verdant scene,

Here erect the throne of love.

CHORUS:

Spring adorn'd with ev'ry flow'r,

Here invites thee to the bow'r.

A I R. *Mr. Vernon:*

Let the God of gen'rous wine,

His nectareous juice afford,

Rounteous cares with him join,

With him deck the social board.

CHO

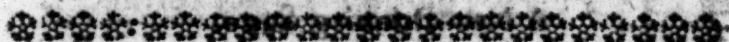
CHORUS.
Spring adorn'd, &c.

AIR, Mrs. Pinto

Phœbus Master of the lyre,
 When perform'd thy western way;
 Hither with thy tuneful choir,
 Here assist the poet's lay.

CHORUS,

Spring adorn'd, &c.



Under the ROSE

Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Mr. Potter.

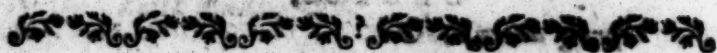
LAST Midsummer Eve, as I pass'd thro' the grove
 I met with young Phillis the goddess of love,
 My heart was transported you well may suppose,
 I gave her a kiss, but 'twas under the Rose.

She started and blush'd, and reply'd with a frown;
 Don't fancy young swain—I'll be kiss'd by a clown.
 I'm courted by Strephon,—see yonder he goes,
 Still I gave her a kiss, but 'twas under the Rose.

Come, come, dearest charmer, I tenderly cry'd,
 I care not for Strephon,—I'll not be deny'd;
 He's false to my Phillis he very well knows,
 My heart is right honest, tho' under the rose.

If Strephon is false, what is Phillis to do,
She answer'd in anguish, no men sure are true.
O yes, my dear girl, I reply'd don't suppose,
But Damon is constant, tho' under the Rose.

If you love me she cry'd, here then freely I give,
My heart, and affection, as long as I live;
I led her to Church, and she does not suppose,
But Damon is constant, tho' under the Rose.



A New Drinking Song.

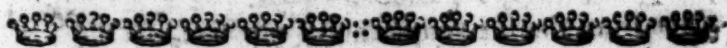
Set by George Kneass. The words by Tho. Chapman.

OF all the joys that fill the heart,
And triumph o'er the will,
There's none like Bacchus can impart,
The juice our cares to kill.
With Burgundy or good Champagne,
Let each man fill a glass,
Then when its out we'll fill again,
That time will sweetly pass,
And when its out, &c.
Let huntsmen chase the Fox or Hare,
Their sport will danger bring,
While we that never feel despair,
Are blest beyond a King:
Or Gamesters who on fortunes nod,
Their happiness depend:

We

We honour still a greater God,
While Bacchus is our friend.

We drinking souls are sure the best,
Of all the mortal race;
While others here can have no rest,
Our spirits flow apace,
And when we are oblig'd to go,
Our glasses being run;
To shun the presence of our foe,
We'll jump into the TUN.



{ INCONSTANCY.

Sung at *Finch's* Grotto Gardens.

Beneath this grove, this silent shade,
Come Damon to thy gentle maid,
Come Damon. &c.
What other nymph would love like me,
For Damon's all inconstancy,
For Damon's all, &c.

You us'd to talk of love and bliss,
And often sigh'd my lips to kiss;
But roving now is sweeter glee,
Since Damon's all inconstancy.

Here

Here fragrant flowers sweetly spring,
 The feather'd choir in concert sing :
 Yet vain in what I hear and see,
 Since Damon's all inconstancy.

The amorous doves now bill and coo,
 And so false Damon so can you,
 But can't like them contented be,
 For thy delight's inconstancy.

Ye simple fair believe not man,
 They all proceed on Damon's plan;
 Then from the sex your hearts keep free,
 And love like them inconstancy.



The J E S T.

YOUNG Jenny the blithest that dwelt on the plain,
 Or trip'd it each morn on the green,
 Unwounded around her scarce liv'd there a swain,
 so winning so graceful her mein,
 So winning, &c.

In vain did each shepherd his passion declare.
 Unmelted the ice in her breast;
 For oft as they breath'd out their anguish the Fair,
 Reply'd that all love was a jest,
 Reply'd, reply'd, reply'd that all love was a jest.

Young jockey a youth that cou'd die and adore,
 In language averse to his heart.

Who'd

Who'd prove false and inconstant as oft as he swore,
 So perfectly skill'd in his art.
 With soft protestations approach'd the coy maid,
 And sighing his passion express'd,
 But she yet unmov'd by ought that he said,
 Reply'd that all love was a jest.

Dear Jenny return'd he my vows are sincere,
 Nay read but the flame in my eyes,
 The arrows of Cupid are strangely severe,
 Then do not his godhead despise.
 He told her besides at her feet he would die,
 With all that his art could suggest,
 At which the young shepherdess mov'd with a sigh
 Cries Jockey but do you not jest.

Quite conquer'd at last she cou'd triumph no more,
 But frankly yield up to the swain,
 Not doubting her lover wou'd always adore,
 The charm's he had labour'd to gain.
 Severe were the arrows of Cupid too true,
 She now felt the wound in her breast,
 Then forth from the damsel the runaway flew,
 With 1 faith I but meant it in jest,



FANNY of the Hill.

Sung by Mr. *Vernon* at Vauxhall.

LET others sing in rustick lays
 The wanton of they will,
 My artless muse aspires to praise,
 Dear Fanny of the hill,
 Tho' poor my skill
 My song shall still
 Be Fanny of the hill,
 Be Fanny, be Fanny of the hill,

While vanity admits her aid,
 Let meaner beauties shine.
 Her faithless glare bedims the maid,
 Whom nature stamps divine,
 Her power to show,
 She sent below
 Dear Fanny of the hill.

The face the mien may charms dispense.
 To kindle fierce desire
 But virtue modesty and sense
 Must gen'rous love inspire,
 'Tis these that move
 My soul to love
 Dear Fanny of the hill.

Tho' bless'd the youth within whose mind,
 A happy passion reigns,

Yet

Yet happiest he of all mankind,
 Who Fanny's heart obtains,
 And in his arms,
 Enjoy the charms
 Of Fanny of the Hill.



YE SLUGGARDS. A Hunting Song.

[Sung by Mr. *Vernon*, at Vauxhall.

YE sluggards who murder your life time in sleep,
 Awake and pursue the fleet hare,
 From life say what joy say what pleasure you reap,
 That e'er cou'd with hunting compare.
 When Phæbus begins to enlighten the morn,
 The huntsman attended by hounds,
 Rejoice and glow at the found of the horn,
 Whilst woods the sweet eccho resound.

The courtier the lawyer the priest have a view,
 Nsy ev'ry profession the same.
 But sportsmen ye mortals no pleasures pursue,
 Than such as accrue from the game,
 While drunkards are pleas'd in the joys of the cup,
 And turn into day ev'ry night,
 At the break of each morn the huntsman is up,
 And bounds o'er the lawns with delight.

Then quickly my lads to the forest repair,
 O'er dales and o'er valleys let's,

For who can ye gods feel a moment of care,
When each joy will another supply,
Thus each morning, each day in raptures we pass
And desire no comfort to share,
But at night to refresh with the bottle and glass,
And feed on the spoil of the hare.



DAMON, and PHOEBE.

Sung by Mr. *Vernon* at Vauxhall.

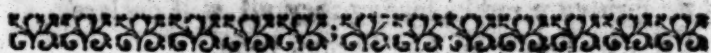
WHEN the sweet rosy morning first peep'd from
the skies,

A loud singing lark bid the villagers rise,
The cowslips were lively the primroses gay,
And shed their best perfumes to welcome the may,
The swains and their sweethearts all rang'd on the
green,
Did homage to Phoebe and hail'd her their queen.

Young Damon step'd forward and sung in her praise,
And Phoebe bestow'd him a garland of bays;
May this wreath said the fair one dear lord of my vows
A crown for true me it, bloom long on thy brows,
The swains and their sweethearts all rang'd on the
green,
Approv'd the fond present of Phoebe their queen.

Mong'ft lords and fine ladies we fhepherds are told
The deareft affection are barter'd for gold ;

That discord in wedlock is often their lot,
 While cupid and Hymen shake hands in a cot;
 At the Church with fair Phoebe since Damon has been
 He's rich as a Monarch, she's blest as a queen.



Tis taste now to Travel.

Sung by Mr. Vernon. The words by G. A. Stevens

TIS taste now to travel to see and be seen,
 To tour from climate to clime
 Domestical frights die at Home with the spleen
 While abroad we're enjoying our time.

Time never united goes galloping on,
 The planets round each other race,
 Man's life's but a journey just here and then gone,
 His business but shifting of place.

Successive the seasons our earth travel o'er,
 Successive the sunbeams & journe:
 The tide swelling sea takes a trip to each shore,
 Each shore thus they visit in turn:
 With Connoisseur eyes, rare and strange things they
 view,

And Lecture on Romans and Greeks,
 Their judgments display a la mode a virtu',
 And model their taste by antiques,

O 2

When

When return'd, what they've seen said and heard they
rehearse,

'Tis travellers right to tell tales,
Admirations they utter and rapt'rous converse,
Of the Vatican and of Versailles.

These sights are most pleasing they all will declare.

Yet why shou'd an Englishman roam,
While Liberty Freedom and Science reign here,
And beauty to bless him at home.



The SKY LARK.

By Mr. Shenstone.

GO tuneful bird, that glad'st the skies,
To Daphne's window spend thy way;
And there on quivering pinions rise,
And there thy vocal art display.

And if she deigns thy notes to hear,
And if she praise thy matin song,
Tell her the sounds that sooth her ear,
To Damon's native plains belong.

Tell her in livelier plumes array'd,
The bird from Indian groves may shine,
But ask the partial lovely maid,
What are his notes compar'd to thine?

The

Then bid her treat yon witlefs Beau,
 And all his flaunting race with scorn;
 And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
 Who sings her praise and sings forlorn.



TO SYLVIA.

By *David Garrick, Esq;*

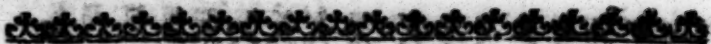
IP truth can fix thy wav'ring heart,
 Let Damon urge his claim,
 He feels the passion void of art,
 The pure, the constant flame.

Tho' sighing swains their toaments tell,
 Their sensual love contemn;
 They only prize the beauteous shell,
 But slight the inward gem.

Possession cures the wounded heart,
 Destroys the transient fire,
 But when the mind receives the dart,
 Enjoyment whets desire.

By age your beauty will decay,
 Your mind improves with years;
 As when the blossoms fade away,
 The rip'ning fruits appears.

May heav'n and Sylvia grant my suit,
 And bless the future hour,
 That Damon, who can taste the fruit,
 May gather ev'ry flow'r!



The GIFT : To IRIS.



By Dr. Goldsmith.

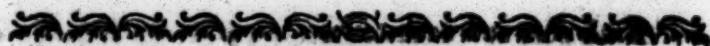
SAY, cruel Iris, pretty rake,
 Dear mercenary beauty,
 What annual offering shall I make,
 Expressive of my duty.

My heart a victim to thine Eyes,
 Should I at once deliver,
 Say, would the angry fair one prize,
 The gift who flights the giver.

A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy,
 My rivals give—and let 'em.
 If gems, or gold, impart a joy,
 I'll give them—when I get 'em

I'll give—but not the full blown rose,
 Or rose bud more in fashion;
 Such short-liv'd offerings but disclose,
 A transitory passion.

I'll give thee something yet unpaid,
 Not less sincere, than civil,
 I'll give thee — Ah! too charming maid,
 I'll give thee — to the devil.



S O N G.

By *William Whitehead, Esq; Poet Laureat.*

I N story we're told
 How our monarchs of old,
 O'er France spread their royal domain;
 But no annals can shew
 Their pride laid so low,
 As when brave George the second did reign, brave
 boys!
 As when brave George the second did reign.

Of Roman and Greek,
 Let fame no more speak,
 How their arms the whole world did subdue,
 Thro' the nations arond,
 Let our trumpets now sound,
 How Britons have conquer'd the new, brave boys?
 How Britons have conquer'd the new,

East, west, north, and south,
 Our cannon's loud mouth,
 Shall the rights of our monarch maintain,

On America's strand,
 Amherst limits the land,
 Boscawen gives law on the main, brave boys !
 Boscawen gives law on the main,

Each port and each town
 We still make our own,
 Cape Breton, Crown Point, Niagar,
 Guadaloupe, Senegal,
 Quebec's mighty fall,
 Shall prove we've no equal in war, brave boys !
 Shall prove we've no equal in war.

Though Conflans did boast,
 He'd conquer our coast,
 Our thunder soon made monsieur mute,
 Brave Hawk wing'd his way,
 Then pounc'd on his prey,
 And gave him an English salute, brave boys !
 And gave him an English salute.

At Minden you know
 How he conquer'd the foe.
 While homeward their army now steals ;
 Tho' they cry'd British hands
 Are too hard for our hands,
 Begar we can beat them in heels, Morbleu !
 Begar we can beat them in heels.

While our heroes from home
 For laurels now roam,
 Should their flat-bottom boats but appear ;

Our

My fine coal black hair is chang'd to a dirty mop ;
 My face is grown parch'd, like an over-done mutton
 chop,

That can of gravy not yield you a single drop,

Gravy, gravy, one drop of gravy,
 E'en just as brown and dry looks your poor *Davy*.

When first I was ask'd to drink tea with my *Molly*
 dear,
 I put on my Kerry-stone buckles and solitaire,
 I sent for the barber, and cry'd "Shave me, do you
 hear,"

Shave me, shave me, powder and shave me ;
 Make me look spruce and fine, then *Molly*'ll have
 me.

Then straight to the place of appointment I hurry'd me
 Where her bright eyes and sweet looks they so worry'd
 me,

That from that moment I thought of no other she,
 And now most humbly I crave you my bride to be,
 Crave you, crave you— Oh how I crave you,
 For my bride, from this hour, dear *Molly* I crave
 you,

Then if you'll consent, you sweet little knave you,
 I will your husband be, and never leave you ;
 My surname is *Drops*, and my christian name's *Davy*,
 And when we are married we'll go to Glenavy,

'Navy, 'Navy, go to Glenavy ;

Then who'll be so happy as *Molly* and *Davy*.

S O N G

S O N G.

In the Devil to pay. Tune Charles of Sweden,

COME jolly Bacchus god of wine,
 Crown this night with pleasure :
 Let none at cares of life repine,
 To destroy our pleasure ;
 Fill up the mighty sparkling bowl,
 That every true and loyal soul,
 May drink and sing without controul,
 To support our pleasure,

Thus mighty Bacchus, shalt thou be
 Guardian to our pleasure,
 That under thy protection we
 May enjoy new pleasure ;
 And as the hours glides away,
 We'll in thy name invoke their stay,
 And sing thy praises that we may,
 Live and die with pleasure.



SONG, In the *Devil to Pay*.

YE Gods, ye gave to me a wife,
 Out of your grace and favour,
 To be the comfort of my life,
 And I was glad to have her.

But

But if your providence divine
For greater bliss design her,
To obey your will at any time,
I am ready to resign her,



S O N G.

Sung by a 'Squire

WHEN late I wander'd o'er the plain,
From nymph to nymph I strove in vain,
My wild desires to rally;
But now they're of themselves come home,
And, strange! no longer seek to roam:
They center all in *Sally*.

Yet she, unkind one, damps my joy,
And cries I court but to destroy,
Can love with ruin tally?
By those dear lips, those eyes I swear,
I would all deaths, all torments bear,
Rather than injure *Sally*.

Can the weak taper's feeble rays,
Or lamps transmit the sun's bright blaze?
Oh! no——then say how shall I;
In words be able to express
My love?——it burns to such excess,
I almost die for *Sally*.

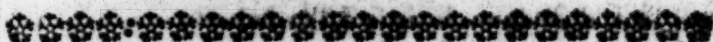
Come

Come
Than
Or
O follo
He'll g
And



A S
In du
With
Tom
And

Come then, oh come, thou sweeter fair
Than jessamine and roses are
Or lillies of the valley;
O follow, love, and quit your fear,
He'll guide you to these arms my dear,
And make me blest in *Sally*.



S O N G.

The DUST CART. A favourite Cantata.

RECITATIVE.

As tinkering Tom the streets his trade did cry,
He saw his lovely Sylvia passing by;
In dust cart high advanc'd the nymph was plac'd,
With the rich cinders round her lovely waist;
Tom with up-listed hands th' occasion blest,
And thus with soothing strains the maid address'd,

A I R.

Oh Sylvia while you drive your carts,
To pick up dust you steal our hearts,
You take our dust, and steal our hearts.

That mine is gone, alas! 'tis true,
And dwells among the dust with you,
And dwells among the dust with you.

Oh lovely Sylvia ease my pain
Give me the heart you stole again,

P

Give

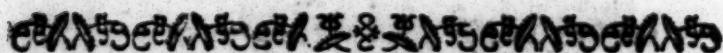
Give me my heart out of your cart,
Give me my heart you stole again.

RECITATIVE.

Sylvia advanc'd above the rabble rout,
Exulting roll'd her sparkling eyes about :
She heav'd her swelling breasts as black as sloe,
And look'd disdain on little folks below ;
To Tom she nodded as the cart drove on,
And then resolv'd to speak, she cry'd stop John.

A I R,

Shall I who ride above the rest,
Be by a paltry croud oppress'd ?
Ambition now my soul does fire,
The youths shall languish and admire ;
And ev'ry girl with anxious heart,
Shall long to ride, long to ride, long to ride
in my dust-cart,
And ev'ry girl with anxious heart,
Shall long to ride in my dust cart.



The Tipling Philosophers.

DI O G E N U S surly and proud,
Who snarl'd at the Macedon youth,
Delighted in wine that was good,
Because in good wine there was truth

Bu

But growing as poor as a Job,
 And unable to purchase a flask,
 He chose for his mansion a tub,
 And liv'd by the scent of the cask.

Heraclitus would never deny
 To tiple and cherish his heart,
 And when he was maudlin. he'd cry,
 Because he had finish'd his quart ;
 Tho' some are so foolish to think,
 That he wept at men's follies and vice,
 'Twas only his fashion to drink
 Till the liquor flow'd out of his eyes.

Democritus always was glad
 Of a bumper to cherish his soul,
 And would laugh like a man that was mad,
 When over a good flowing bowl ;
 As long as his cellar was stor'd,
 The liquor he'd merrily quaff,
 And when he was drunk as a lord
 At those that were sober he'd laugh.

Copernicus too like the rest,
 Believ'd there was wisdom in wine,
 And fancy'd a cup of the best
 Made reason the better to shine ;
 With wine he replenish'd his veins,
 And made his philosophy reel,
 Then fancy'd the world like his brains,
 Turn'd round like a chariot wheel.

Aristotle that master of arts,
 Had been but a duncce without wine,
 And what we ascribe to his parts,
 Is due to the juice of the vine;
 His belly most writers agree,
 Was as big as a watering trough,
 He therefore leap'd into the sea,
 Because he'd have liquor enough.

Old Plato was reckon'd divine.
 He fondly to wisdom was prone;
 But had it not been for good wine,
 His merits had never been known,
 By wine we are generous made,
 It furnishes fancy with wings,
 Without it we ne'er should have had,
 Philosophers, poets, or kings



THE LILLIES OF FRANCE.

THE lillies of France and the brave English rose,
 Cou'd never agree as old history shews;
 But our Edwards and Henrys those lillies have torn,
 And in their rich standards such ensigs have borne,
 To shew that old England, beneath her strong lance,
 Has humbled the pride and the glory of France.

What

What would these monfieurs? would they know
how they ran,

Only look at the annals of glorious Queen Anne,
We beat them by fea, and we beat them by land,
When Marlbro' and Ruffel enjoy'd the command,
We'll beat them again, boys, fo let them advance,
Old England defpifes the infults of France.

Then let the grand monarch afsemble his hoft,
And threaten invafion on Englands fair coaft;
We bid them defiance, fo let them come on,
Have at them, their bufinefs will quickly be done;
Monfieurs we will teach you a new Englifh dance
To our grenadiers march that fhall frighten all France.

Let's take up our mufkets and gird on our fwords
And monfieur fhall find us as good as our words;
Beat drums, trumpets found, and huzza for the king,
Then welcome Belleifle with what troops thou can'ft
bring,

Huzza! for old England, whole ftrong pointed lance,
Shall humble the pride and the glory of France.

A Burlesque Burletta Duet, sung at *Comus's* Court, by
the Choice Spirits.

To the
tune of
Come let us
prepare, we
brothers
that are.

MY song, firs, excuse,
And pardon my muse,
If for once she appears as a joker ;
The town taste I'll shew.
And the whole cris-crofs row
Put into the tune *Ally Croker*.

To the
tune of
Ally Croker.

Great A was alarm'd at B's bad behaviour
Because C denied D, E, F, a favour,
G got a husband with H, I, K, and L,
M marry'd Mary, and scholars taught to
spell,
A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, K, L, M.
It went hard at first with N, O, P and Q.
With R, S, T, single V. and likewise with W,
With X, and Y it stuck in their gizzards,
Till all were made friends by the two crooked Zds.
O rare humpback'd Zds.

These words have no wit,
Tho' the tune they may hit,
But who thought to find wit in a tune O ;
Did the town relish sense
Would they run with expence
To burlettas of Sign' *Buffoons* ?

The old fellow's face
With his grunt and grimace,
And his teeth shewn by a grinna ;

Tho'

Tho' we can't understand him,
 We needs must commend him,
 And so we must miss *Nicolina*.

Then since singing the taste, let's have a duetta,
 Let's have it, I say, by way of burletta,
 And take off the old man as well as Spiletta,
 Which nobody can deny.

I've got a cold — indeed i'm very hoarse, eh,
 And singing, sirs, I fear will make me worse, eh,
 Yet will I strive and work like any negroe,
 From slow Adagio up to quick Allegro;
 Then change from forte to the soft piano,
 That I may be — see, signior, see
 Indeed the boon companio:
 Come then, my daughter, come miss *Nicolina*,
 We must compose a new burletta grinna,
 And with my fingers play the symphonia.

*Symphonia is played to the tune of Ask if you damask rose
 be sweet.*

But ah! 'tis dinner time, my dear signora,
 Go fetch some steaks, go fetch some steaks, encora,
 While I make unison to this stocato,
 Boil me some broth, and roast me some potatoe.

Largo ma affettuoso, tocca primo violin;
 The broth will prove but so so, if you don't put oat-
 meal in.

Volti

Volti largo ma affette, subito andante ;
Put greens in cabbage netta, and make some soup-
zonte.

Thirde, fifths and eights are half above a quarter,
A minim is much longer, a quaver is much shorter ;
Go, lay the cloth, and fetch a pint of porter,

D U E T T O.

Miss. Pray, papa, pray, pardon moy,
Soncafugo ame foy,

He. Fetch the drink.

Sbs. Indeed not I.

He. You're ill bred, miss.

She. That's a lye,

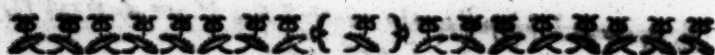
He. Gallop trollop,—*Sbs.* Tuche ta.

He. Le diable. — bribble brabble.

Brabantiana cara spilletta foolato la,

Caro spilletta foolata la.

Da Capo.



A Cock and a BULL.

TO take in good part the squeeze of the hand,
That language of lovers who dare not demand,
And then with another as close and as dear,
You've made him believe his happiness near.

Then to tell him the tale of a Cock and a Bull,
That you meant no such thing, but was playing the
fool,

When

When tread on the toe to admit and be free,
And straight to reply with the toe repartee;
To express with your eyes your inward desires,
And thus with full hopes to kindle his fires.
Then to tell him a tale, &c

When he wants to disclose what he dare not reveal
When he looks very silly and means a great deal,
When he thinks, (if e'er thinking should enter his
brain)
You'll grant him his wish, the ease of his pain.
Then to tell him a tale, &c.

To let him enraptur'd proceed on to bliss,
To suffer the snatch or the theft of a kiss;
When coyness retreating, unwillingly flies,
When sighs answer murmurs and eyes talk to eyes.
Then to tell him a tale, &c.



The TAYLOR and SEMPSTRESS.

A Taylor there was and he liv'd in a garrat,
Who ne'er in his days tasted champaign or claret
With high soups, or ragous, he never was fed,
But cabbage believe me was his daily bread.
Derry down, down.

His work he pursu'd without any repining,
When blest'd with a pint of three threads for his li-
ning,

Till

Till Cupid whose arrows most cruelly treat us;
With a sempstress's Bodkin destroy'd his quietus.

No longer a Birth-night affords any pleasure,
His Patterns lie scatter'd, in tatters his measure:
His Bills he contrives not with Items to swell,
Silk, twist, tape and buckram, he damns them to hell.

Cupid pitying his case, at length flew to his aid,
And help'd him to fine-draw the hole he had made,
He bade him be bold and not stand like a mute,
Who e'er finish'd without first beginning his Suit.

He visits the sempstress with awkward address,
Protests on her kindness hung his happiness;
But she scornfully sneer'd at his speeches and wheedle,
For she lack a day, was as sharp as a Needle.

He told her on honourable terms he was come,
And begg'd he might soon be inform'd of his doom,
Unless she'd consent to be shortly his wife,
The Fates Shears would soon cut off his remnant of life.

Do you think cry'd the sempstress, I'll take for a spouse,
One whom no one esteems three skips of a Louse?
Advance in your favour whatever you can,
A taylor is but the ninth part of a Man.

The

The taylor proceeded with lying, intreating,
And making such speeches which scarce bear repeat-
ing :

A woman unmarried was useless, he said,
Was just like a needle without any thread.

When the priest should have tack'd them together
he cry'd,
For her palate, when dainty, he'd nicely provide,
Tho' to turkeys and capons he could not aspire,
She might always be sure of a goose at the fire.

As she work'd he commended her fingers so nimble
And swore that her eyes were more bright than her
thimble :

Tho' small was his wit, he so acted his part,
That (I know not how it was) he cabbag'd her heart.

Away hand in hand to the chapel they went ;
Nor appear'd in her visage the least discontent ;
None but death could the conjugal knot have untty'd
For cross legg'd together they sat till they died.



Tune, Sing Tantararara Bucks all.

COME, my bucks, let's to night be devoted to
drinking.

To-morrow's too soon to be troubled with thinking.

Inspired

Inspired by Bacchus I'll sing to his praise,
And crown with a bumper, instead of the bayes.
Sing Tantararara Bucks all.

From Bacchus our name is, tho' some say from
Jove,
For he was the first like a buck who made love,
To a bull for the sake of Europa he turns,
And bequeath'd to the man she should marry, his
horns.

'Tis by woman each buck at true honour arrives,
The first race of bucks were made bucks by their
wives:
When for glory the Greeks round the world us'd to
roam,
Each wife, a true buck, dubb'd her hero at home.

Had the son of fair Thetis, instead of the brine,
Been plung'd over head in a hoghead of wine,
He'd have march'd among mortals secure from all
evil.
A buck, when he's drunk, is a match for the devil.

But why should the ancients still fill up my lays,
'Tis fit that a modern, a modern shall please.
With claret my rosy-crown'd temples I'll 'noint,
And a health take to him who first drank a half pint.

Were grapes on the mount of Parnassus but
growing,
Or Helicon's conduit with French claret flowing,
Nay

Nay would Phoebus but drink like an honest good
fellow.

Like Bacchus, we'd honour his buckship Apollon

What are misses, the mutes, to nine mouldy casks
Of the tea table's splendor, to splendid full-blasks?
What is Pegasus good for? Yes he shall be mine,
I'll keep him as porter to fly for my wine!

In daily decid'd meals, when the birds whistle
round,

How shrill is their music, how simple the sound?

Give me a bell's rattle, a far landlord's roar.

And a good fellow's order. Boy, fix bottles more.

Can music or verse, love or landscape bestow,
A fix-bottle sound, or a fix-bottle show?

Could I meet them at midnight, their bottoms I'd try
Who first shou'd give out, faith, the bottles or I.

This tuning and piping no longer I'll bear it,
What's all pipes of music to one pipe of claret?

By my soul (hucks, I love it, and why would you
know,

Drink only as I've done, you'll all like it too.



Q TOASTS

TOASTS, SENTIMENTS, HOB NOBS, &c.

MANY OF THEM NEW

Compiled and written for this WORK

Constancy in love, and sincerity in friendship,
Health in freedom, and content in bondage.
Success to the lover, and joy to the beloved
May the single be marry'd, and the marry'd be
happy.

Success to the falling woman, and the standing man.
The magic ring.

May our joy and vigour be united, and both be ex-
tensive.

May our joys with the fair give pleasure to the heart.
May our happiness be sincere, and our joys be lasting
The pleasures of imagination realiz'd.

Han's Carvell's rings
The mother of all souls.

May our pleasures be boundless, while we have time
to enjoy them.

Days of ease, and nights of pleasure
The female reaper, that never leaves a handful stand-
ing.

The Venison feast, four haunches well spitted.

Honour-

Honour and influence to the public spirited patrons of
trade.

May power ever continue in the friends of England.
The beggar's blessing.

The love of liberty, and liberty in love,

The thatch'd house under the hill.

Life, love, and liberty.

May we never want vigour when we come to a shift.

Money to him that has spirit to use it, and life to him
that has courage to loose it.

Great men honest, and honest men great.

Every honest man his right, and every rogue a halter.

Extreme unction in dying virginity.

All our wants and wishes.

Kiss whom we please, and please whom we kiss.

Equal joy in a critical minute.

Success to the lover, honour to the brave,

Health to the sick, and freedom to the slave.

The steady friends of Britain.

A speedy export to all the enemies of England with-
out a draw-back.

The honest patriot and impartial Briton.

May we always be able to resist the assaults of pro-
perity and adversity,

May our conscience be sound, though our fortune be
rotten.

May temptation never conquer virtue.

Frugality without meanness.

May we never taste the apples of affliction,

May we be rich in friends rather than money.

May we be loved by those whom we love.

May he who wants friendship also want friends.
 May our distinguishing mark be merit, rather than
 money,
 May we be slaves to nothing but our duty, and friends
 to nothing but merit.
 May we never seek applause from party principles,
 but always deserve it from public spirit.
 May ability for doing good be equalled by inclina-
 tions.
 May our benevolence be bounded only our fortune.
 May those who inherit the title of gentlemen by birth
 deserve it by their lives.
 May fortune be always an attendant on virtue,
 May we never swear a tradesman out of his dues, or
 a credulous girl out of her virtue.
 Pleasures that please on reflection.
 Community, unity, navigation and trade.
 More friends and less need of them.
 May the man we love be honest, and the land we
 live in free.
 May we always have a friend, and know his value
 May hemp bind him whom honour can't
 The two strangers at c——t, (Honour and Honesty)
 The agreeable rubs of life.
 The magical monosyllable.
 Sweet Briars,
 The road to a christening.
 May we never want a friend and a bottle to give him.
 A head to earn, and a heart to spend.
 The two friends who weep at meeting.
 The key that lets the man in, and the maid out.

The.

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The bird in hand, and then in the bush.
Delicate pleasures to susceptible minds.
The harvest of life, love, wit, and good humour.
The friend we love, and the woman's dare trust.
Provision to the unprovided.
May we have in our arms, what we love in our hearts.
The pleasure of pleasing.
The first game ever play'd at.
The nice house maid.
The pleasure we enjoy face to face.
Up with the linen, down with the claret.
Breast work.
May they never want, who have spirit to spend.
What charms, arms and disarms.
May we please and be pleased.
The female economist.
The union of two fond hearts.
A woman's large and small beauties.
Ligonier's livery.
All true hearts and sound bottoms.
Love for love.
Love, fire, and frolick.
Your love for mine, and 'our's for that of the company.
All we wish, and all we want.
Love and opportunity.
Gaiety and innocence.
Health, joy, and mutual love.
Love without fear.
And life without care.
Friendship without interest, and love without deceit.

All that gives you pleasure,
 Your love and mine, and the rest of the company,
 Health, love, and ready wine,
 To all those that you and I know,
 May the evening's diversion bear the morning's re-
 flection.
 Liberty, property, and no excise,
 Health and success to the Bucks of London.
 May all true hearts never want a shilling and a good
 bedfellow,
 May all honest souls find a friend in need.
 Good luck till we are tired of it,
 A cobweb pair of breeches, a porcupine saddle, a
 hard trotting horse, and a long journey to the ene-
 mies of Great Britain.
 May genius and merit never want a friend.
 The steady friends of Britain.
 Sense to win a heart, and merit to keep it,
 May he that made the d—l take us all,
 Horses strong, foxes plenty, men stout, and women
 healthy.
 Peace and plenty

THE INDEX.

A Beautiful face and form without fault	27
A As Dolly sat milking of her cow	31
A Busy humble bee am I	44
As bringing home the other day	71
An address has been made	87
As Jockey and Jenny sat in the cool shade	113
As on a pleasant hill I stood	114
At Delia's feet Phillander sigh'd	144
As tinkering Tom the streets his trade did cry	169
A taylor there was and he liv'd in a garret	177
By the gaily circling glass	12
Bacchus god of joys divine	55
Beneath a flow'ring hawthorn tree	75
By an edict from Jove all the deities met	88
By london rejected yet staunch to the cause	90
Be content in your station my friend	121
Bright dawns the day with rosy face	128
Beauty's ever smiling queen	150
Beneath this grove this silent shade	153

C.	
Come some brother sportman	22
Come hither ye jolly ye jocund and gay	36
Come ye party jangling swains	66
Cupid commander of every creature	80
Contented I am and contented I'll be	82
Come dearest ting you see	102
Come Roger and listen to what I have been	107
Come hope thou queen of endless smiles	129
Come jolly Bacchus god of wine	167
Come my bucks let's to night be devoted	179

D.	
Derry down dale Hodge trade'd with his Hail	9
Damon and Phillis lovers both	34
Distant fly the carping crows	114
Dear Molly I love you	165
Dionæus surly and proud	179

E.	
Every mortal some favourite pleasure pursues	13
Ere at the swelling blast of nimrod's horn	73
Ere I lov'd I could frolic and play	123

F.	
Free from noise free from strife	11
Far sweeter than the hawthorn bloom	12
Free from the bustle care and strife	18
Fair Hebe I left with a cautious design	26
Fairest daughter of the may	119
Faithless Damon's turn'd a rover	26

G.
 Go go thou false deceiver 143
 Go tuneful bird that glad'st the skies 160

H.
 Hark away 'tis the merry ton'd horn 41
 Hail friendship hail thou heavenly power 47
 He comes, he comes, the hero comes 63
 How pleas'd within my native bower 120
 Hither come, hither come 146

I.
 If e'er I wed as most girls do 134
 In penance for past folly 139
 In this fraternal state 137
 I made love to Kate long I sigh'd for thee 132
 I see it Myra knows it well 115
 In love should there meet a fond pair 119
 I am a young shepherd the pride of the plain 136
 If music can charm and if love can invite 142
 If truth can fix thy wav'ring heart 161
 In story we're told 163

L.
 Let others sing in lively strains 138
 Let sops with scold's falsehood range 138
 Loves a fever of the mind 138
 Let midsummers eve as I pass'd thro' the grove 131
 Let others sing in rustic lays 135

M.
 My dearest Life were thou my wife 139
 My

- My temples with clusters of grapes I'll entwine 59
 My song first excuse 174
 No more my song shall be ye swain 62
 No more fill my ears with the charms of the vale 92
 Now pride usurps each female heart 109
 Now the winter rains are o'er 124
 One summer's eve as Nancy fair 3
 O'er moorlands and mountains rude barren and bare 8
 O Sawny why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn 42
 O Nelly no longer thy Sawny now mourn 43
 Of all professions in the town 46
 Oon's neighbour near blusht 65
 Once the gods of the greeks 78
 One april morn yding Damon sought 130
 O venus queen of soft delight 132
 O shall the joys that fill the heart 132
 Pale fear shall ne'er my glory stain 141
 Pail no more ye learned asses 54
 Return'd, return'd the fraton of delight 134
 Since artists who sue for the trophies of fame 134
 Sweet thrush that makes the vernal year 19
 Sweet Phillis well met the sea is just for 27
 Some kind angel gently singing 30
 That beauteous blooming rose 33
 Since every charm on earth combin'd 37
 Soft pleasing pains unknown before 48
 Simple Strephon cease complaining 127
 Soft

Soft breathing the zephyrs 130
Say cruel Iris, pretty rake 162

T.

Those whom you look for 7
The hounds are all out 82
The las of Peaties mill 35
Tell me no more of lovers chains 45
To ease his heart and own his flame 55
'Twas underneath a may blown bush 67
The bird that hears her nestling cry 68
The philosophers, moralists, poets and those 69
The fragrant lilly of the vale 72
Tho' my features i'm told 85
There was a jolly miller 11
The goodness of women 113
The sluggish morn as yet undrest 116
'Twas in the pleasant month of may 135
The smiling morn the breathing spring 140
Talk no more of love to me 142
'Twas at the cool and fragrant hour 143
The sun succeeds a cloudy sky 144
'Tis taste now to travel to see and be seen 159
The lillies of France 172
To take in good part she squeeze of the hand 176

W.

With a song that is new 23
When first I beheld 16
When the trees are all bare 6
With women and wine I defy ev'ry care 29
With Phillis I'll trip o'er the mead 32
Whilst on thy dear bosom lying 38
Wine does wonders ev'ry day 50

When

1441

Where is pity's melting eye? 1441
While each love sick sighs in vain 1442
When the head of poor Titania was 1443
When Scottish devils were the 1444
When the world was only 1445
What yare's expression of 1446
What is Chloë to 1447
Would you with 1448
When chilling winds 1449
When the 1450
When the 1451
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